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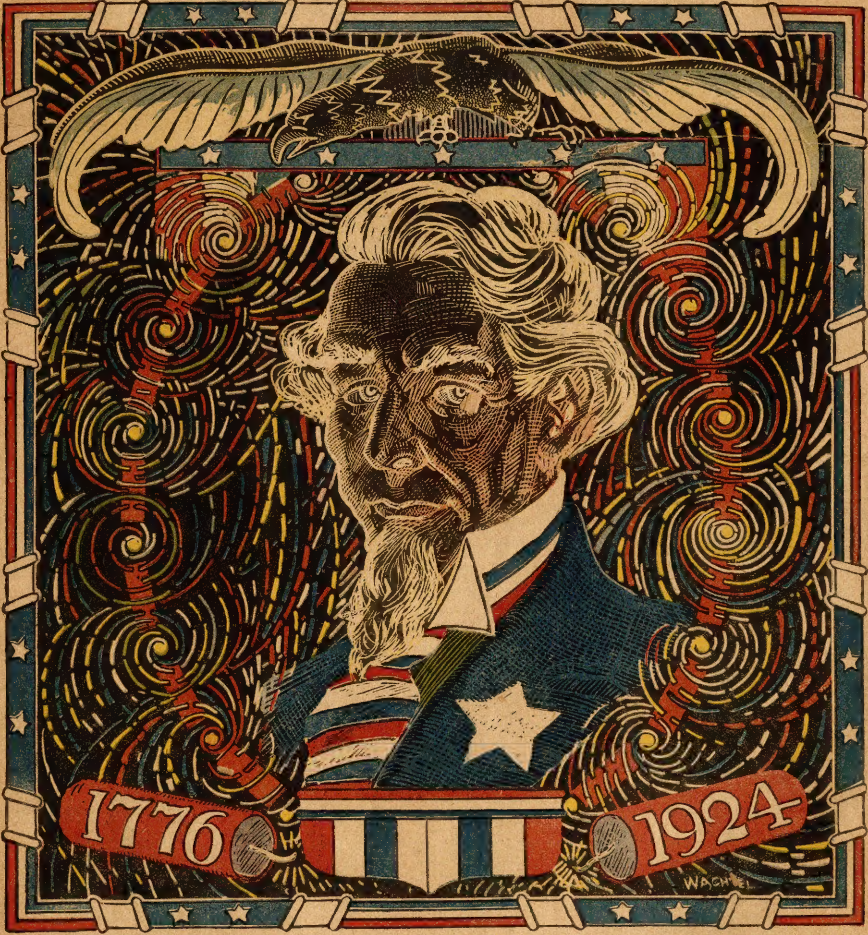
VOL. LII. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924. NO. 27.



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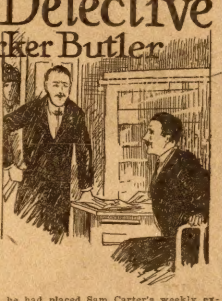
The Great Detective

By Ellis Parker Butler



OLD MABRY was not old, but he was called old and he looked old. At the most he had seen fifty-five years, but his back was rounded and his head bald, and weariness and hopelessness marked his face. He was a tired man and always physically sick with the hepatic ills that come to a man who sits too long on an office stool and eats too much and too gloomily, and who broods on his troubles. He was bookkeeper for Thomas Brant, wholesale crockery, and had been for thirty years.

Old Mabry was not a good bookkeeper. He had not been born to be an accountant of any sort. His trial balances—a regular first-of-each-month affair — never balanced until he had spent night after night checking and rechecking his huge ledger and journal. For thirty years he had been a slave of the huge ledger and the handy recipient of Thomas Brant's bitter ill humors and cutting sarcasms. He was shamefully underpaid, as such men always are; and he was hopelessly discouraged.

This Saturday he returned from his noon dinner, his head low and his eyes with the dull, hunted look of a wounded animal. Old Mabry had nine children and a wife, and he was three months back in his rent. His oldest girl, Mary, was to graduate from the high school and must have a suitable dress. Peter and Jane needed shoes. A note from his landlord notified him that he must pay the rent in full before night or move out of the house immediately. His wife had told him the grate in the kitchen stove was in ruins and that it was really not worth while getting a new one—the old stove was in such bad shape it was not worth repairing. Old Mabry knew he would be unable to get another stove on credit. He owed every one, and he had no credit. At the office he had overdrawn his account almost a hundred dollars, and Thomas Brant had scolded him well for it that very morning. Old Mabry's tragedy was the tragedy of a man trying to support a family of eleven on a salary of seventy-five dollars a month.

He entered the front door of the store —Thomas Brant ran a retail shop in connection with his wholesale business —and passed between the counters to the office at the rear of the store. He entered the office, took off his street coat and donned his black office coat, with the ink stains on the cuffs and lapels, and went to his desk. At the moment he was alone in the office. He slid onto his high stool and for a minute rested his elbow on the edge of the desk, burying his eyes in his hand. Then he sighed, shook his head and opened the big ledger he had left on the desk when he went to dinner.

The ledger opened at the folio where he had placed Sam Carter's weekly expense and collection report.

Sam Carter was one of Thomas Brant's five traveling salesmen, and the only one who came in weekly, the others having two-week routes. Carter had reached the office a few minutes before 12 and had handed old Mabry his report, sealed in a long envelope. Old Mabry had taken it and had slipped it between the pages of the big ledger as Carter went out. This was inexcusably careless. Ten thousand times Thomas Brant had told old Mabry that he was inexcusably careless, in one way and another.

There was no excuse for what old Mabry had done. There was no excuse for leaving the big ledger on the desk. It should have been put in the safe, and Carter's report should have been put in the safe, and the safe should then have been locked. Instead of this, old Mabry had merely closed the safe, "setting" the combination lock, and had closed the ledger upon Carter's long envelope. Ten thousand times this would have been safe enough, altho inexcusable. This time it had not been safe enough.

When old Mabry opened the ledger the long envelope was still between the pages, but he saw at a glance that it was not as he had left it. The envelope had been torn open carelessly, leaving jagged edges of paper. It had not been torn when he closed the big ledger upon it before going to dinner.

Old Mabry drew out of the envelope the sheet of expenses and collections Carter had made out and looked at it. At the bottom, following the printed words, "Balance in cash herewith," Carter had written "$515.25." Automatically, old Mabry shook the envelope, and a silver quarter of a dollar fell on the desk and rolled to the floor. It rolled under the safe.

Automatically, also, old Mabry ran his pencil up and down the figures of Carter's report and found they were correct. Five hundred and fifteen dollars had been taken from the envelope while he was at dinner, if Carter had put the money in the envelope as he should have done, and old Mabry did not doubt that Carter had done so.

Old Mabry folded Carter's report and slipped it back in the envelope. He laid the envelope on the huge ledger and once more placed his elbow on the edge of the desk. He rested his chin on his hand and looked out of the window, letting his sick mind grind as it chose. Thru the window he saw only the brick wall of Thomas Brant's pottery warehouse, where jugs, crocks and

(Continued on Page 16.)

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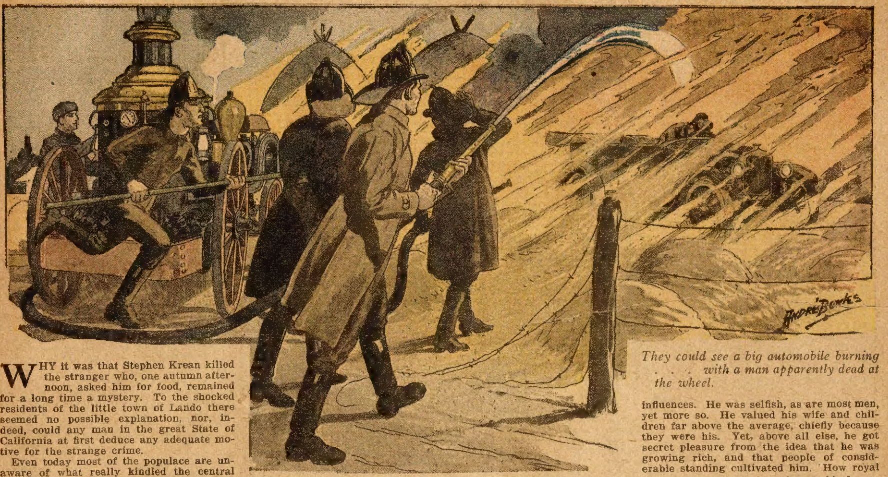


They could see a big automobile burning . . . . with a man apparently dead at the wheel.

FRUITS OF REVENGE

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR

There Sleeps in Every Man a Tiger, Cruel and Murderous. In Some Men the Animal Is Never Awakened and in Others the Animal Is Subdued. Here Is the Strange Story of Two Men Who, in Unguarded Moments, Took Their Revenge and Unleashed the Tiger.

WHY it was that Stephen Krean killed the stranger who, one autumn afternoon, asked him for food, remained for a long time a mystery. To the shocked residents of the little town of Lando there seemed no possible explanation, nor, indeed, could any man in the great State of California at first deduce any adequate motive for the strange crime.

Even today most of the populace are unaware of what really kindled the central flame about which clustered the consuming forces that drove Krean to the awful act.

The act in itself seemed, not only hellish, but ridiculous and preposterous. Why a man, situated so pleasantly and prosperously as was Stephen Krean, should take the life of a seemingly inoffensive hobo, and attempt to make the people of the region believe that the dead man was himself, set up a questioning that was nothing short of a mental riot.

An apparent reason, that was sufficiently satisfactory to most minds, soon came to light, however. It was found that Krean was carrying nearly one hundred thousand dollars of insurance on his life. To kill another man and make it appear that the murdered man was himself, his living self, disappearing into the distant outer world forever, would secure this large sum of money for his family.

That seemed clear. But already his family was comparatively wealthy! What need had he for perpetrating this terrible piece of deception? Besides, he apparently loved his family—a good wife and two children, with another child nearing birth. By disappearing in seeming death, he would be compelled to remain always apart from them, hiding in complete obscurity; that is, if the one hundred thousand dollars were collected by his wife. Even if she were a co-conspirator in the crime, and after a time should go to him, they both would face the sure probability of being discovered, and punished by life imprisonment or death.

But Jennie Krean, Stephen's wife, was not a party to the crime. It did not so appear at any time. Then, on Stephen Krean's part the deed looked like sheer insanity. But it was not, save in the sense that all crime contains an actuating element of the imperfect, the unnatural and abnormal.

There was a cluster of peculiar influences operating in Krean's case, and there came to him, in the ceaseless procession of the hours, one hour, so strange and overwhelming in its power and meaning, that he was swept away and utterly overthrown.

That was because Stephen Krean carried in his soul certain secret things that should not have been there. What is in the heart and soul always determines whether or not circumstances shall prove hurtful or helpful to us. In a very true sense, we make our own destiny by the character of our inner qualities.

Stephen Krean had taken the life of many creatures, and had profited by it. But for that, no doubt, he never would have taken the life of Tooler, the tramp, and himself reaped the whirlwind.

Krean was a strong, apparently healthy man of forty summers. Brisk, virile, well set up physically, yet not more than commonly intellectual, and not at all poetical or a dreamer.

He relished eating food, and especially flesh meats, and liked to look at the broad acres of his three ranches and feel that he was "making money."

He went to church frequently, too, down at the town, some six miles from his home-ranch. That was, mainly, because Mrs. Krean liked to go. Besides, Krean owned a butcher shop on the main street of the town, and after church he would frequently drive over to the shop and foot up the sales account for the week, while the man who conducted his shop was away on the Sabbath holiday. Jennie Krean and the children enjoyed visiting with friends in the town on such occasions. Krean owned several automobiles of different sorts.

Jennie Krean was his second wife; trouble lay back in the days of the first Mrs. Krean, eighteen years before, trouble of which Jennie did not know.

There had been two brothers, Dan and Dave Tooler, back in that time, who rather intimately touched Stephen Krean's life. One of these brothers he had particularly liked as a young chap, but between Stephen and Dan there had always been instinctive rivalry and bad blood.

They were rivals for the hand of the girl who became Stephen's first wife, and, after Stephen had won her, Dan Tooler told her of a most reprehensible sexual adventure of Stephen's, perpetrated just before Stephen's marriage, which eventually destroyed the marriage.

Dan Tooler, in part because he had lost the girl and in part out of fear of Stephen, disappeared immediately after having poisoned the young wife's mind. Stephen since that time had never seen him.

But thousands of times during the nearly twenty years that had since elapsed, Stephen Krean, when helping in the slaughtering of animals, for others or for his own market, thought of Dan Tooler as he watched the red blood run. Always he wished that he might serve Dan Tooler as he served the animals, and always his own blood thrilled with pleasure as he contemplated the imagined act.

Besides, every now and again Krean would find himself wondering how it would seem to kill a human being. There was to him a certain amount of excitement in taking the life, for instance, of cattle. It was tragic kind of work, tho it had been common labor to him for a good many years.

Now that he was well-to-do, he mostly left the slaughtering to hired men.

Still, he sometimes thought it would be a peculiarly vivid experience to kill a man, especially if one hated the man. Of average kindness in conduct, he nearly always felt an impulse to take life when he was angry. Producing death was to him a trite performance—animal life had lost its sacredness, his respect for human life had been greatly weakened.

Yet, he might have died of old age without committing murder, but for that fateful combination of influences. He was selfish, as are most men, yet more so. He valued his wife and children far above the average, chiefly because they were his. Yet, above all else, he got secret pleasure from the idea that he was growing rich, and that people of considerable standing cultivated him. How royal it would be to have people say:

"Steve Krean carries one hundred thousand dollars insurance on his life! Think of a butcher being able to do that! He was once a laborer, and now look at him! I'll bet he's worth half a million if he's worth a cent. And if he should drop dead, look at all the money his widow and children would get! I'll bet he will send them two kids of his to college! He sure is a hummer!"

That sort of talk was, in truth, floating about, but much of it was manufactured inside of Krean's consciousness, a kind of self-distilled honey in his soul. The hundred thousand dollars insurance on his life would, in point of fact, be a good thing in case of his death, but perhaps of larger moment to Steve Krean was the fact that it made him a sort of wonder-man in Lando and the verdant valley in which his three ranches lay. Some thought him a fool, some thought him a wonderful business man, but practically all envied him. They were human.

THEN upon a day in early September, Krean was driving toward one of his ranches in an auto, when he met a seedy, dusty stranger shuffling along the road. The man, of medium proportions, had a dejected, melancholy air, either assumed for the moment or the natural result of misfortune.

Krean looked at him with an odd quickening of all his pulses. Somewhere and at some time surely he had seen this man! Yet, where could it have been? The man was grayish, unshaven, ill-kept, a road-wanderer. He looked at florid, prosperous Stephen Krean with no sign of recognition whatever, seeing in him apparently only a possible source of trivial gain, such as food or small change.

"Say, mister, couldn't yeh help a feller t' something t' eat, or a little money? I'm dead broke and not so very well. I'm lookin' for work, but it has t' be light, because I'm a bit weak in the chest." His voice was husky and he began to cough, tho the cough sounded as if manufactured for the occasion.

A prickle as of cold ran over Krean, a cold that instantly turned to fire. This was Dan Tooler! Something in the man's voice and eyes seemed to scream the fact into Krean's ears.

His heart began to pound. What if some one among the people of the valley should tell this wanderer who Stephen Krean himself was? That was almost certain, if the man went on down to Lando or stopped in the region of Krean's ranches.

Then what might not this creature do? What but tell Jennie of her husband's old crime, of that which had wrecked his early wedded life, and which, if now old, might wreck his present marriage and his standing in the valley! Sweat began to trickle down Krean's temples.

And this man before him was the one he had long hated! The one human being he had felt hundreds of times that he would like to kill! Here he was, looking up at him with watery, begging, faded eyes!

"Get in. I'll take you over to the ranch. You can have grub and probably some work for awhile," said Krean gruffly.

They said nothing further thru a mile or more.

Krean's face was a purplish red and looked hard as a bowlder; the tramp seemed weary and half-asleep. His faculties obviously were dulled by the life he led. To him Stephen Krean was just a human shape. He had accosted ten thousand such shapes during his years of wandering. He didn't look closely, he didn't care, he was not much interested in existence, anyhow.

At length Krean opened a gate in a hedge and drove thru. This was at his smallest ranch. After he had bought it no one lived upon the place, which was given over, mainly, to the production of hay. There was a small, unoccupied house set well back from the road. Krean drove up to the rear of this.

"We'll go in here a minute," he said. "Maybe I'll fix it for you to stay here and help look after the place. Nothing much but hay out here, but there ought to be some one to sort of watch things."

The stranger roused himself and looked about. "Nice place. Think I'd like to stay," he agreed, in husky, droning fashion. It sounded as if dust had permanently settled in his throat.

They went into the kitchen of the little house. Krean was ahead, and he suddenly turned on the tramp.

"Ain't your name Dan Tooler?" he demanded roughly.

The wanderer recoiled, his eyes widened as from fright. "I don't go by that name—nobody's called me that for a mighty long time!" he said.

"But you are Dan Tooler, and I know it d—n well! Dan Tooler, of Dragtown! Spit it out, yes or no?" Krean's voice was thick and rasping.

"Well, yes, I am," the man said reluctantly, then suddenly turned ashen of hue. "Why, you are — are Steve Krean! My God, I didn't know you, Steve! Why, I——"

"Yes, I am Steve Krean, and you are thru, right now!" and the rich butcher jerked a pistol from his hip pocket and fired.

The explosion crashed in the small, tightly closed room like a deafening peal of thunder. It seemed instantly to dissolve the black spell that was upon Krean, flooding his whole being with fear. So loud, so terrific a noise in doing a deed that should have been achieved in utter silence! Surely the whole world must have heard!

Poor Tooler clutched both hands into his breast, his eyeballs quivering. For a moment he swayed oddly, trying to speak, then crumpled downward in a spineless heap and rolled over upon his back, staring unseeingly at the smoky ceiling.

Krean's eyes had shone lurid, his face had looked puffed and darkly congested; now he suddenly looked gray of flesh, and in his eyes there was stark terror.

He whirled and laid his hand upon the knob of the door, but turned back and took hold of the clothing of the sprawling shape upon the floor, with an impulse to drag the body out somewhere and hide it. But he fancied that he heard a noise outside, and dragged the body quickly into a closet and shut the door upon it.

Then he walked out with pitifully simulated carelessness. There was no visible life at hand, nothing stirring but the softly muttering auto engine.

He looked all about the place, outward even to the horizon-line. He could see a small herd of his cattle upon a distant rise of ground. They were looking toward him! He could see no human being, but he could hear the voices of three of his hired men, who were stacking late alfalfa-hay, over beyond a thick wind-break of trees, in one of his fields.

The men must be talking about him! They must have heard the shot! No, they were laughing! Weren't they laughing? How could any living man ever laugh in this world, anyhow?

Everything to him looked changed. Because Dan Tooler had ceased to be a menace, the whole world was altered in appearance! That was curious; it should now be brighter! But Dan Tooler dead had become a thousand times more dangerous to Krean than Dan Tooler alive!

It was thus always with every murdered man or woman; being dead, he or she at once began shouting aloud the name of the murderer.

It was so with Steve Krean. He was bathed in perspiration, yet he was cold! He must somehow cover up the fearful deed he had done, and quickly! He stopped the auto engine; it made too much noise, some one might hear it. He re-entered the kitchen. There was a great pool of red upon the floor, scarlet threads were trickling from under the closet door. The scarlet threads seemed alive and creeping toward him! He couldn't bear it, and hurriedly hunted about the two other rooms of the tiny house, and finding some old rags and a pair of abandoned trousers, threw these upon the blood and went out. He was shaking all over.

He must find a spade or shovel and bury the awful thing that sat huddled in the closet. But there was no tool of any sort about the deserted shack. If he went somewhere for a shovel and came back and began digging—no, that would never do, he would be seen! He must wait until night, and under cover of darkness come and bury Tooler.

But now he must wash away the blood—yet he could not; the pump at the well was decayed and fallen over! He must go, he must think, he must contrive, he must come again at night.

He started the auto engine—how he hated the noise it made!—and drove out into the road. He looked before him and behind. A car was coming from the east. A cold chill spread over him, and he stepped on the power and fled down the road toward the home-ranch.

But he suddenly turned in upon a little-used road that led northward. The big touring car following, shot by the mouth of the road he had taken, going very fast. He heard voices and caught a glimpse of smiling faces. They did not want him! But always now he would think that people were chasing him! What a horrible life it would be! There came upon him a dread sense of isolation. Now he must always keep watching over his shoulder for pursuers, now he must always be wondering when they would find the bones of Dan Tooler, if he buried him.

He left the unfrequented road and drove in among some bushes and stopped. How could he ever sit at the table and eat with his family again? How could he again ever look any man in the face? He yearned to be far off, to be among strangers who could not possibly know that he was a murderer.

AND then the strange solution was born in his brain. It must be himself who had been murdered! Was not all of him that was best and really worth while dead, anyway? The people of Lando and the valley must somehow be made to believe that Stephen Krean had been robbed and killed. The bleeding body in the closet of the abandoned shack must seem to them Stephen Krean's body.

How could he manage to produce such an impression? In the evening he might set the little house on fire, and thus burn the body of Dan Tooler. He could leave some evidence of his identity near the shack, then disappear, and the bones of Tooler being found, people would believe that the bones were Krean's.

But the verdict then would be that he had committed suicide, and Jennie and the children could never have the hundred thousand dollars insurance! But if clearly he had been murdered, then they could have this great sum of money. His reputation in the region would be secure forever, he would still be respected, honored, his children need never feel ashamed.

He sat for a long time feverously thinking. At last he seemed to have the astounding idea worked out. He drove slowly away.

That evening in the deepening dusk two autos drove in by the little house. The smaller of the two was drawing the larger. Both cars belonged to Krean. Presently the two cars went out into a nearby field where there were haystacks. Poor Dan Tooler was sitting at the steering wheel of the larger car, tied fast to the wheel! He had on Krean's hat and coat. Krean himself, wearing a strange hat and suit of clothes, with a handkerchief hiding part of his face, drove the hauling car.

After a time the murderer heard an auto coming along the road. He hastily ignited the hay and drove out upon the highway, passing swiftly but in such a fashion that any one in the roadster going by could see that a masked man was driving the fleeing car. Then flames leaped up in the hay-field and spread rapidly.

People saw the conflagration and telephoned the fire department at Lando. The firemen were not long in responding, but they could do but little; there was no water, and the heat was so intense they could not approach very near. But they could see a big automobile burning among the hay, with an apparent dead man at the wheel. Some one picked up Krean's pocketbook with only a few pennies in it.

When the fire had subsided, it was found by the parts of the car remaining that the auto had belonged to Stephen Krean. The body at the wheel was burned beyond possible recognition. The next day and the next passed. There was no living Stephen Krean. The authorities decided that, beyond all doubt, the charred and unrecognizable body found in the ruins of his big roadster, had been the body of Stephen Krean when alive.

Clearly a bandit, or bandits, had stolen one of Krean's cars, had then met him in the road and killed and robbed him; then, to destroy the evidence, had hauled him in his car out into the field among the hay, and setting the inflammable stuff afire, had fled. Had not the bandit, or bandits, been seen, flying from the scene of the infamous crime? It was a clear case!

The shocked community mourned Krean as dead. It was an infinite pity that so successful and prosperous and estimable a citizen should thus have been taken! His wife was prostrated with grief, his children were unconsolable. Dan Tooler, murdered by Krean, had a largely attended funeral, and was reverently buried as Stephen Krean!

TWO weeks went by. Jennie Krean, ill with grief and prospective motherhood, called an attorney and instructed him to prepare to collect the hundred thousand dollars insurance. But that very day Homer Barnes, one of the pallbearers at Krean's funeral, returned from a business trip to Kelso, a town beyond the mountains, and reported that he had seen Stephen Krean on the streets of Kelso, that Krean had run into an alley and disappeared.

There was great excitement. Had Barnes seen Krean's ghost, or had they put some unknown man under ground? The day following this a Lando undertaker, who had interred Krean, came home and reported that he had seen the lamented ranchman and butcher in a town some distance from Kelso. Krean had fled, but the undertaker was positive that he had not been fooled by an optical illusion.

Thereupon the murdered man was exhumed. An autopsy revealed the astonishing fact that the remains were not Stephen Krean's! Then search was instituted for the absconding man, and finally, far up the seacoast in an obscure town, he was overtaken and arrested.

He seemed weary of hiding and leading the life of a living dead man, and soon confessed his crime. He was brought back to Lando and placed in jail, and it was weeks before Jennie Krean, ill in childbirth, knew that her felon husband was not dead.

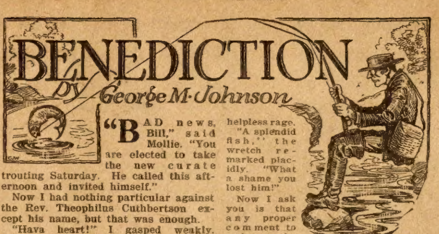
Kind hearts kept her from knowing. But eventually, after the child was born and Stephen Krean was sentenced to death, the cruel knowledge was revealed to her, the great blight was laid upon her.

Four months later, in a penitentiary, the life of Stephen Krean was taken from him by the State. All that he was and hoped to be was defeated and overthrown because he sought revenge upon another.

Dan Tooler became a wanderer and a vagabond and was murdered because he took revenge upon Stephen Krean in the first place, and Stephen Krean died a felon in black disgrace because he took revenge upon Dan Tooler.

Tooler violated the common law of decency, Krean broke the highest law of man, and both broke the Divine Master's law of forgiveness. Their end was darkness.

THE END.



BENEDICTION

By George M. Johnson

"BAD news, Bill," said Mollie. "You are elected to take the new curate trouting Saturday. He called this afternoon and invited himself."

Now I had nothing particular against the Rev. Theophilus Cuthbertson except his name, but that was enough.

"Hava heart!" I gasped weakly. "Can't I duck the party?"

"You can't," was Mollie's firm rejoinder. And that was that.

Saturday morning accordingly found us early on our way. Three miles from home — Bang! That was a rear tire going off like a bottle of overripe home brew.

"Da——!" I started to say, but remembered the curate just in time. It would never do to disgrace Mollie by swearing before him. In the course of repairs a wrench slipped and I lost an inch of perfectly good skin from one knuckle. For an instant the curate looked worried.

"One should always control oneself, my friend," he remarked in pious haste. "Tho I admit such things are exasperating."

"You said a mouthful," I grunted, "only exasperating's not the precise word I had in mind."

Finally we started fishing, and after quite a bit of experimenting I found just what the trout wanted—a little stone fly; nothing else suited 'em at all. I had only three of those flies, but of course rigged up the curate with one, and he actually caught a couple of small trout before he popped it off on a back cast. He might have been good at throwing an old-time Western bull whip, but with a fly rod he didn't register. Not to rave about. With deep misgivings I forked over my last stone fly.

Right then Old Man Hard Luck settled down to business as my personal bodyguard. First of all I ruined a new pair of expensive waders on a broken bottle. Next I hooked the biggest trout I'd seen in years, and the gut of the fly parted like rotten thread.

Now it is my custom to indulge in certain quaint remarks at such a harrowing crisis; I am not venturing to defend the practice, but it sooths my troubled spirit, serving as a safety valve for the overpowering emotions which threaten to rend me.

As that lordly trout vanished forever, taking with him my last stone fly, the curate bent his solemn countenance upon me, and tho he uttered no rebuke the mere fact of his austere presence was sufficient. All I could do was stutter in helpless rage.

"A splendid fish," the wretch remarked placidly. "What a shame you lost him!"

Now I ask you is that any proper comment to make on the escape of a regular he-trout? If a party can't do a subject justice more efficiently, so help me Beelzebub, he ought to keep still.

No other fly in my collection met the requirements; I tried 'em all. The Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson somehow failed to pop off that last stone, and in spite of his being a perfect dumbell at angling, captured half a dozen trout to my one. The minute his cast struck the water—slap! a fish was Johnny-on-the-spot, fairly goggle-eyed with misguided enthusiasm. It was a genuine suicide party with 'em.

And the conceited boob really thought the credit for catching those poor loony fish belonged to him. The idiotic way he chortled over each kill was enough to make the angels shed bitter tears.—

"Aha!" he raved, real excited. "There must be a latent talent for the game concealed within me. The pupil actually excels the master."

If I could have ripped off a choice line of conversation, all would have been well, my soul at peace. But fate was unkind. Towards the end I must have been a trifle out of my mind, what with the mental strain, the icy water sloshing around in my boot, and all. Now and then I mumbled to myself as I stumbled blindly along, not half trying to fish.

Eventually the curate must have suspected something was wrong; he regarded me strangely.

"Are you by any chance indisposed, my friend?" he inquired, removing another member of the Fontinalis Suicide Club from his hook.

"No—no," I grunted. "Feeling fine—fine. Always feel fine fishing—except when—that is—no—I mean——"

But the Rev. Cuth was too keen for another trout to heed my babblings.

"Queer I don't capture large fish," he murmured. "Surely I am capable of greater things than these fry."

"Yea, bo! Chinaman's chance!" I jeered, slipping for a second.

"What? What's that?" the curate demanded.

"Said you'd have a fine chance," I hastily rejoined. "Good hole just around next bend. Big trout there. Mebby."

"Indeed!" he chuckled, gratified. "That is excellent," and I turned my bloodshot eyes from him, fearing lest my soul

(Continued on Page 14.)

THEY'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

of the Frog's Fur and Singing When It Comes to the Cat's Eyebrows, There's Nothing Like the Old Vacation With the Big Spend at the Beginning and More of the Same at the Finish. Joe Thought He'd Treat the Family to a Big Time for Once in His Life, and Once Was Enough.

BY LON JEROME SMITH

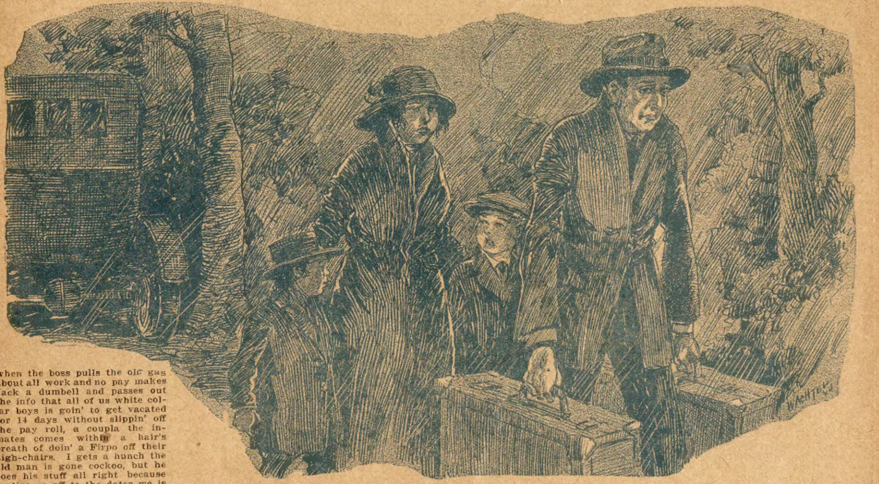
SAPDALE, Mass., May 25, 1923.

HELLO, GUS: Well, I is all set to slide downtown tonight and tear off a little nifty billiards, but she starts in rainin' good and plenty outside, so seein' my evenin's been spoiled, I might's well put the kibosh on the rest of the night and peck out a little gab to you on the old typewriter.

I ain't wrote you for so long, I guess you think I sprained both rists, or run out of bananas or somethin,' and the family with me, but such ain't nowheres near the real low down at all. No indeedy. We is all alive and in tack physically and everything's tomaters in the li'l old home nest here.

Ever since I breeze in for the main meal tonight and spills the news that I is goin' to loaf 2 wks. this summer and get paid for it—the 1st vacation I been able to grab off since I put on long pants—Helen's been like a hen settin' on a hot potater, cacklin' on all six about what she's goin' to do with my layoff.

They ain't been any vacations in the office since the maine was sunk, so when the boss pulls the old gag about all work and no pay makes Jack a dumbell and passes out the info that all of us white collar boys is goin' to get vacated for 14 days without slippin' off the pay roll, a coupla the inmates comes within a hair's breath of doin' a Firpo off their high-chairs. I gets a hunch the old man is gone cockoo, but he does his stuff all right because he tips us off to the dates we is to be missing from the work mill.



We leave the flivver under some trees and we start luggin' all our things thru the woods in the soakin' rain.

When me and the ball and chain is puttin' on the feed bag tonight I chirps up:

"Well, the old idol hrs. is goin' to commence for me on the opening day of July 1 and they's goin' to be 2 wks. of 'em, too. What d'ya know—2 wks. with nothin' to do but nothin'. Oh, boy, bring on the hot weather!"

"That's great," busts in Helen. "Now we can all go to New York and the children'll have a chance to see Coney Island, and we can go site seein' and look at the Bronix and see all the pretty fish at the aquarium and——"

"Hey, wait a minute," I says, settin' down my saucerful of coffee, "where'd you get the idea of lookin' at fish on my vacation? And another thing, we ain't goin' to no New York."

"Well, you gotta take me and the kids somewheres," she replies, sour like. "We ain't goin' to set here and just watch you do your loafin' without gettin' in on it someways."

"All right," I agrees, "but lay off the New York stuff. I ain't no million air."

She throws me a mean look and then swells all up and says:

"Well, maybe you got somethin' to suggest."

"Sure," I comes back quick. "I suggest that me and you and the kids goes to the beach somewheres for my 2 wks. and has a real vacation in one of them seaside cottages."

I guess Helen sees I is goin' to be the boss, anyways, because instead of crownin' me with the gravy bowl like I was half expectin' she gives me one of them sweet smiles like she saves up for pay day and claps her handslike a 2 yr. old. It sure pays to train 'em, Gus, so's they know who's runnin' the joint.

"I didn't know you could think up such a good idea," she giggles. "I been just crazy to go to the seashore. It'll be better'n even going to New York."

"Sure thing," I says pompously, and we begins to chew the idea over. And the upshoot of it is that we is settin' pretty to take life good and easy on the 2 wks. stretch that begins on July 1.

Helen says what we want is a quiet, cool cottage right on the edge of the ocean with a yard to it so's the kids can play round and about 6 rooms with a gas stove.

"It's too hot in the summer at the beach," she says, "to cook a lotta grub on a coal stove."

I guess gas in coller than coal at that, but I wouldn't bet any dough on it.

And she says the place has got to have furniture and tables and chairs and dishes and ect. inside it so's we ain't got to lug a lotta things along. And they's another thing which I insists on it. The loaf joint is got to be near enough so's I can hop back here on short notice in case the boss needs a smart guy to get him outa some jam at the office. I savvy all the ifs and buts of the business, you know, Gus, and when I ain't there, of course, things is libel to get gummed up and most always they have to leave it to me to unstick 'em.

Oh, boy! Can you see me pedalin' into the office after I been at the shore dump about 5 days, all sun burnt up and tellin' that gang of slaves what a swell time me and the family's havin'? Wow!

And the best part of it all is that it ain't goin' to cost much. Helen's got it all doped out. We is figurin' on payin' $10 per wk. for 2 wks. rent, makin' a total of 20 bucks. She says it'll be gravy to land just the place we want for that dough.

All in all, dopin' from it sets me back for stuff to eat each wk. for the 4 of us (you know Elmer and Razzmena eats as much as me and the frau—Razzmena eats more because she takes after the bitter half in most everything) which is $13.50, we'll blow $27 for grub in 2 wks. and tackin' that onto the rent, the answer'll be $47 in all, or in rough figurin' somewheres near 50 iron men. And I'll say that's fair enough!

I tell you, Gus, I sure gets a kick outa bein' able to afford to take me and the family on a swell vacation like that. We'll get a nifty change from the things we is used to and Helen says we'll run into a lotta high tone people and between me and you a few baths in the ocean water'll do us all a lotta good.

"And we got to take the flivver to go along with us," recommends the frau, "because everybody always has their cars at the beach resorts."

I almost gets sore when she makes that crack, but ends up with sayin':

"Aw, all right, we'll carry the old boat along." I saves havin' a family row anyways, which is a bad thing in front of the kids because they pick up stuff so quick.

Just to give you a idea, least Mon. Razzmena comes yelpin' into the house with a nice shiner over her left eye and when Helen says how did she get it she says she was playin' married with Elmer and he slapped her one with a fryin' pan he had because she talked back at him. Take it from me, Gus, them kids catches on like lightnin'—they is both smart as whips.

I meets Pete Bumpus on the street yesterday and he says somebody told him they heard from a feller which says he knows you pretty good, that you and Kitty is goin' to the Mts. this summer for the entire hot weather. Glad to hear it, Gus. You know, us fellers which works hard all winter has got to have a little layoff in the summer and both me and you has got jack enough to have a rip roarin' time for ourselves and our offsprings. Hang the expense—that's me!

And listen, Gus, if you happen to hear something about a cottage which we'd like at the ocean, why just drop us a postal card and we'll be much obliged to hear from you. And now I got to brush away from you and skip over the papers and size up all the real estate teasers in the ads.

Tell Kitty we all sends our love to her and tell her also to crank up the old sedan and motor down to our summer cottage any time after we hook onto one. I'll ship you the address later. Oh, you 2 wks. loaf by the seaside!

Your Cousin,
JOE TWIG (prosperous).

SAPDALE, Mass., June 2, 1923.

HEY Gus! I gets your letter last night and you can see how on time I is with my reply to you. I guess all of us in my family is the same on bein' prompt, eh! Me and the excess glims your letter together and when she comes to the part where you says you is all fixed up with your lodge in the Adirondick Mts. she says:

"Ain't that grand. Just think, a lodge in the Mts!"

"Ha, ha!" says I, merrily like, "Gus don't need to go to no Mts. to find a lodge. He belongs to so many in the city he ain't got ime to be home on Sunday nights."

"Well, you poor fathead," pulls the storm queen, and she slips me a ugly look.

"What's wrong now?" I banters, grinnin' polite like.

"Even a dumbell knows they ain't got them kind of lodges in the Mts.," she says. "What Gus is got is a mountain villa."

I is all set to make a pass about that bandit guy bein' killed some time ago in Mexico, but I keeps the old trap shut and lets her get away with her swelled up explainin'. It makes 'em feel good, Gus, when you kid 'em along a little like that.

Anyways, you should ought to have a tip top time so high up in the air. I seen a piece in the paper a coupla days ago which says them Mts. gives you a awful appetite, so it's a good thing me and Helen and the kids ain't goin' up there, because we all got appetitee enough now without havin' no Mt. air make 'em any bigger.

And now, hang onto your chin while I slips you some hot ones. I goes to a real estate egg's office in Boston the other day and when I tips him off to what me and the wife wants to pay for our summer cottage for 2 wks. he acts like somebody tapped him on the dome with a young pile driver.

"Listen, bo," he says to me, "if I knew of a joint I could rent for $10 a wk. I'd move into it myself."

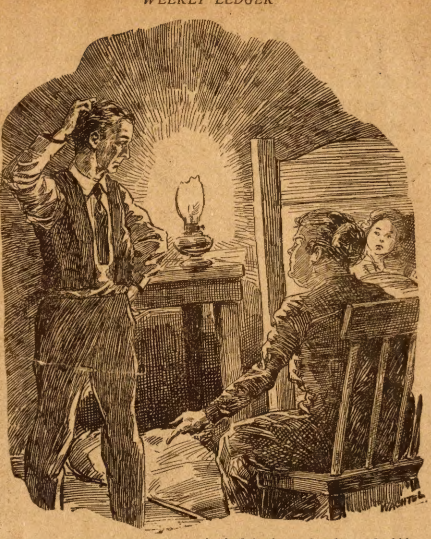
I gets wise that he's tryin' to slip me the old grease, so I starts for the door. He jumps up quick and before I can grab the knob, he turns me around and leads me back to the chair.

"Set down, old-timer," he says, smilin' all over. "Don't get all riled up. I was only jokin'. Maybe I got something you can afford to move into for 2 wks."

Believe me, Gus, I is good and sore, but I stays set down and says, dignified like:

"I'm here on business, young feller, and not to be made a fool of."

He says something about nature beatin' him to it, but what he was drivin' at goes over my head, so I asks him sober like what I can get a cottage for 2 wks. for. He drags a big book down off of a shelf with a lotta pictures of summer joints for rent in it and he shows me a swell one which I fall for with no delay.



We moves the bed from under a nice leak in the roof and gets the kids into it, and me and the sour half finds a place on the kitchen floor.

"How much for us to live in that dump for 2 wks?" I asks.

"Two hundred dollars," he says, off-hand like. I nearly does a Brody off of the chair when he pulls that nifty and when I comes to, I says:

"I don't want to buy the place, but only to move in for my vacation." He gives me a good laugh and says I is a comical feller and then he shows me photos of a lotta places which looks like they is ready to cave in and says I can rent any one of 'em for $25 per each wk. I pipes 'em quick and says I guesses I'll look round and see if any other real estate pirates has got anything cheaper.

"Go to it, old kid," says he, fresh like, "and after you get tired trampin' round, drop in again and get rested."

Well, I goes to 3 other hold-up joints which deals in cottages to rent by the ocean and the prices they sick on me is so terrible I has to go back to the 1st guy's highway robbery shop.

"Ah," he says, when I drags myself in, "satisfied now?"

"Gimme another slant at that picture book," I replies, stern like.

I gives the art gallery of layoff joints the careful once over and finally picks out one of the $25 ones and then this fish knocks me for a row of tin whistles and says:

"Of course, you understand, none of them $25 cottages is near the ocean."

"Well, where in the h—l is they, then?" I cracks, mad like a pinched bootlegger.

"All of 'em is on a beautiful fresh pond lake in Maine, which is called Lake Homoyaps," he says. "That's Indian lingo which means Happy Days."

"But me and the wife wants a place at the seashore," I says. "I already told you what——"

I gets that far and then he begins to jabber like a Chinaman with a Russian fit, a Mi. a minute, so fast I can't get a word in upside down. He don't run down for ½ of a hr. and by that time I is so cuckoo he has me believin' that me and Helen likes a fresh water shack much better than a salt water cottage, but he says he can't make the rent any cheaper, which put me in Dutch all round, because the last thing Helen says to me is that $10 is enough to pay fer each wk.

"Can't do it, old sport," he says. "I'm losin' money lettin' you have that beautiful place for $25 a wk."

I sees it's no use to battle with this bird, so I says:

"All right, mark me down for the beautiful place for 2 wks. beginnin' the 1st day in July."

He slaps me on the back and says I is a great business man to pick out this place because it's the best of 'em all and it's got a boat which goes with it and a private landin' place which nobody can use only us. He turns out to be a pretty good skate before I leaves, so I comes away with $50 (in advance) less money in my check book.

He slips me the key to the fresh pond cottage and another opener for the boat which he says is got a pad lock on it and then he tells me I is all set pretty to move in on the 1st.

When I crashes into the house and tells Helen the yarn about our cottage, youda thought I was mixed up in the battle of Verdun. Boy, you never seen such a free-for-all panic like the one she started.

"I mighta known you'd spoil it," she begins, red hot. "Leave it to you, you poor humpty-dumpty yokel. You been walkin' round with a bag over your fat head for so long you can't see nothin'. Fifty dollars a wk. and no salt water. Oh, you poor sap. You should ought to stand in front of a drug store to make people sick."

"Well," I says right back at her. And that's all I says. She calls me some names I ain't never heard before, but I figures silence is safest and keeps the gab box shut till she runs outa stuff. And then, when I thinks the riot is over, if she don't bust out with a whole armful of questions. I never knew a woman could dig up so many things to ask about. She just one shoes me to death. One shoe tell me this and one shoe tell me that.

"I is no encyclopedium," I says, wise like, and she flies off of the handle all over again, so I let's her rave.

"Is they goin' to be anybody in the cottage before we moves in? How does we get to it? How far is it from here? How many beds is they? Where does we get the groceries from? Is they a garage for the car? What kind of a boat is it. Is they a gas stove? Is they a ice box?" These is some of the 200 idiot questions which I can't tell her anything about at all. So she says I better hike back to the real estate guy and get put hep to what I is payin' $50 for.

I is pretty well het up by this time, so I says, bold like:

"Woman, we is goin' to the lake place and not to the ocean no matter where it is or no matter what it is and you'll have to like it, so you can rap that up and carry it home!" You know, Gus, when I puts my foot down, she's wise that I mean strickly business.

She stays with it tho and wrecks half my snorin' by jawin' in bed about a lotta ifs and ects, but when I hops off to work in the A. M. she's all right about the fresh water cottage and gives me a kiss kinda friendly like. Takes me to tame 'em down, eh Gus!

Well, I guess I has wrote enough to you this time and anyways I gotta sign off on this talk fest so's the anchor won't bawl me out for not hittin' the hay soon enough. Mosey up to the lake and give us the up and down and I'll take you and Kitty for a spin on the lake in our boat. Kiss Kitty for Helen and give your pan an extra shave for me. And listen, behave yourself till the hot weather. Your Cousin,

JOE TWIG (vacation sport).

Sunshine Villa,
Lake Homoyaps, Maine.
July 6, 1923.

DEAR GUS: Boy, we is been here for a wk. now and a few days more would send me off to the booby house with bells on. If this is a vacation, I'll take gas. Strap down your listeners now while I slip you the dope on how much calamities and troubles and gloom has dropped in on us since we left the old home town and don't get sore because I ain't as happy in this letter as I am when I usually drop you a line.

The real estate bird tells me over the phone that we can make the cottage in the flivver in about 4 hrs. and he also advises me that I should ought to buy myself a Auto Book which will tell me exactly how to get there on nice roads very simple. So I does and it crimps me for $3.40. Also he says we can't miss the place because it sets where everybody can see it and it's painted green and it's got a big sign which says Sunshine Villa on it and it's at the north part of the lake.

Well, last Sun. me and Helen works from 6 in the A. M. till 3 in the P. M. and gets everything ready for the big hop-off. When the clock hits about quarter past 3 we gets Elmer and Razzmena into the back seat and me and the wife into the front—me with the wheel to drive and Helen with the Auto Blue Book in her lap so's she can read off the way to go, and we hits the trail about half past 3.

We is goin' along fine and dandy about 1 mi. out from Sapdale when the ball and chain sets up like she just had a shot in the arm and slams the Auto Blue Book shut with a doisy bang.

"Now you lost your place," I says, peeved like.

"Oh, we gotta go right back home," she moans, frightened like. "Goodness me, Jumbo's locked up in the house."

"Aw, let the cat stay there," I says off-hand like.

"I won't," she comes back and makes a pass for the hand-brake. "He can't get out and the poor darlin'll starve to death."

"All right," I says and turns around and drives back to the domicile. She lets the cat out so's the neighbors'll feed it while we is gone and when we gets started off again it's about 4 in the P. M. so I gives the old boat the gun and we skims outa town like we is on a grease road.

We breeze along for about a hr. and all at once we comes to a place which is called fork roads in the book.

"Turn off to the left," chirps the frau and as soon as we hits the new road she goes on: "It says to go 2 Mi. on this road and then to turn off to the right and the lake'll be there."

"Pretty soft," I says, "with a swell book like that to steer you strait."

Well, Gus, we must of gone about 5 Mi. and I don't see no road to turn off into so I slows down and stops and says to Helen:

"Something's wrong here somewheres. Gimme a slant at that volume there in your lap." She slips me the book of info and in 2 seconds I is doin' the big call down act.

"Where d'ya get that left fork stuff," I yells out loud. "The book says you take the right fork. You oughta go learn something about cutlery. And also, you should oughta wear glasses so's you can see what you is doin'."

I chucks the book back into her lap and all she says is, "Oh!" Then I turns round again and goes all the way back to the forks place. Well, about a ½ hr. after we leaves the forks on the right road I sees a lake back of some trees and says: "Hurrah! Here we are!" And believe me that's the only hurrah noise I has made since.

The road we is on is something terrible—right on the edge of the water and it's got so many chuck holes in it it's like ridin' on a hunka swiss cheese and they ain't a cottage in sight nowheres' so I keeps bumpin' along hittin' on all 3. It's gettin' dark all at once and a lotta mist is slidin' in off of the lake so's I can't glim 10 ft. in front of me and then Helen spots a light in the trees and says I should ought to stop and ask where our cottage is. I does and a old guy that looks like Santy Claws opens up the door about 2 bits worth and cackles:

"Ain't never heard of no Sunshine Villa in these parts. Maybe it's on the other side of the lake."

"How far's that?" I asks, polite like.

"About 11 Mi." says Santy Claws and slams the door right in my mush.

I starts off again, doin' about 2 Mi. a hr. on the April fool road and the next thing it begins to rain like Niagara Falls is bein' turned onto us.

"Put up the top," says the frau, commandin' like, "before I catch my death of cold."

She is about ½ hr. late with her suggestin' because before I gets the 1-man top up we is all baptized plenty. Elmer and Razzmena is blahin' and howlin' like stuck pigs because they is so soaked and the heavy excess is moanin' about the real estate yap oughta get hung for not tellin' us a decent way to get to the cottage. And, all in all, I is pretty sore myself, settin' in a puddle of water on the seat and tryin' to stay somewheres near the middle of the road, which is a good sample of a healthy young swamp.

Anyways, we make the other side of the lake at about 10 in the P. M. and I asks at another house where Sunshine Villa is and a bozo about 90 yrs. old blabs that it's about 1 Mi. along the lake, but they's no road to it. Well, we leaves the flivver under some trees and we starts luggin' all our things thru the woods in the soakin' rain. The grips I is totin' weighs like a ton of lead so I says to the wife:

"Hey, what's in these arm stretchers?" And the says they is full of can stuff, so's we'll have some grub if the grocery guy don't show up right away.

All of our feet is soppin' with wet and sticky mud and the kids is doin' the howl act louder'n ever and all at once up pops a old broke down sign which is got part of the word Sunshine on it, so I figures we is on the last stretch. I wouldn't of seen the sign, only I smashes my beezer smack up against it, then lights a match to see what hit me.

I sees something black a little ways off and sure enough it's the villa, all right. Well, Gus, when I lamps the joint up close I is ready to be knocked flat with a wad of tissue paper. It looks like it's waitin' to fall on our domes when we hop inside and the door's wide open so I don't need no key and the floor inside's all wet where the rain's leakin' in.

Helen digs up a old lamp with a busted chimney in a corner and lights up and when we gets a peek at the interior decorations we go dum. Words is no use. They's only 1 kitchen and 1 bedroom in the joint—that's all, 2 rooms. They's 4 rickety chairs and only 1 bed for the 4 of us to sleep in and that ain't even got clothes on it except a old wore out and dirty blanket that looks like it was new when King Tut was in short pants. And the rain's sloppin' in from holes in the roof and makin' puddles all round.

"Some smart Aleck, you are," bursts out the anchor, lookin' like she's goin' to explode, "to dig up a place like this to bring me and the poor children."

I sees it's no use to come back at her so I lets the mean crack slide. Well, we moves the bed from under a nice leak in the roof and gets the kids into it and me and the sour half finds a place on the kitchen floor that's half dry and lays down with a piece of oil cloth over the top of us. Then we stays awake all night listenin' to the rain floppin' in onto the floor all over the joint.

In the morning we is so stiff we can't hardly make the grade in gettin' up off the floor, but I sees the sun is shinin' outside so I tries to be happy like and care free (as they say) but it's a up-hill job and no mistake. You ain't never seen no such a ash heap as this joint in all your young life. Even pigs is too good to be in it for a vacation, but we is here so I says we better stick it out for a while anyways.

The breakfast is somethin' fierce which the anchor cooks on a broke down stove and which I has to eat sittin' on the edge of the imitation bed. Soup from cans and a handful of crackers that tates like they was out all night in the wet, and Gus, I'll tell the world soup ain't no good for a healthy bohunk's breakfast.

I gets a strangle hold on my angry temper while I makes believe I enjoy the soup and then I goes out to give the boat the once over. You should of seen that scow. She's a pippin—½ full with water and mud and also she leaks like a bucket with no bottom to it.

I tells Helen we got to climb into our bathin' suits if we is goin' to ride in it and I busts out with a good laugn tryin' to act cheeful. She don't savvy my glee noways and instead slips me one of them high tone looks like she was talkin' to the garbage man and then she cracks:

"Don't try to be funny with me. The only place you'll find anything real funny round here is in the lookin' glass. You sure make me sick."

"Well, you don't make me feel none too good," I comes back, good and sore and she sticks her snout in the air and leaves me flat on the lot.

After some dinner which is made from more cans soup I goes to see if the flivver is O. K. where I left it the night before, but I get's another wallop when I finds the ol' boat's gone. The old guy in the house there comes out when he lamps me huntin' in the bushes for the mile eater.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Oh, nothin'," I replies, "only my bus' wandered off and got lost somehow."

"Didn't you come and get it last night?" he asks.

"Me? No!" I answers, wisin' up fast.

"Well, I guess some one's stole it, then," he goes on, "because I heard a racket out here last night after I was in bed and it sounded like the auto runnin'."

This guy was a good guesser, all right, because I ain't found the gas chariot yet. Well, the old timer lets me into his house to use his talk tangler and I calls up the grocery store number and tells the grocery feller to slide out to the villa and we'll buy somethin' off him to eat.

I tells Helen about the car when I gets back and she begins to cry like a young fountain and when the kids sees her bawlin' they begin to howl also. I has to go outside to get away from the misery chorus. About 5 in the P. M. the grocery guy shows up and I slips him a fat order for grub so's I'll get somethin' to chew on besides soup for my meals.

He wants to know why I didn't slip him the order by phone at the old guy's house instead of causin' him a extra trip. I don't want to hurt the poor native's feelings, so I tell him it's a little secret of mine and that seems to satisfy him all right.

It takes me all day Tues. to fix the

(Continued on Page 22)

THE WEAKEST LINK

BY ARTEMUS CALLOWAY

FIGHTING is hard on clothes, ofttimes damaging to the body, and, altogether, a most uncertain proposition. That, at least, was the way Luther Bridges figured, and Luther was far too conservative to gamble on uncertainties.

As a matter of fact, Luther wasn't positive that it was uncertain. "That darned big stiff could lick me with one hand taking the rest cure," he argued. And Luther was careful to always tell himself what he believed to be truth.

Meanwhile, Andrew Magee raved. "You sawed-off bunch of nothin'," he yelled, shaking a terror-inspiring fist under Luther's quivering nose. "If you ever hit me again I'll maul your face till you'll have to git somebody to introduce you to yourself."

Luther was convinced that Andrew Magee meant this. And he was still more inclined to the belief that the big fellow could do it. Luther was no dwarf himself. Magee had been drawing on his imagination when he called the other sawed-off. As a matter of fact, Luther was nearly as tall as Andrew and was well within ten pounds of the other's weight. But when the opponent is an ignoramus, who fights under the rules of "Smash the boob's face at all times," ten pounds takes on the significance of a ton.

Luther had struck Andrew on the head with a pitched ball that afternoon, and the manner in which Andrew went down as if shot should have been evidence in itself that there was something in Luther's right arm besides a vaccination scar. But neither man thought of that. Andrew, the hardest hitter on the Morganville team, believed that the opposing pitcher deliberately attempted to put him out of business. He thought of that and that alone and it never occurred to him that if he did succeed in forcing the other man into a fight the result might be somewhat disconcerting. As to Luther, his right arm was intended for pitching—not fighting.

The game was over. They were off the field. Andrew Magee wasn't badly hurt and Luther sincerely wished he would forget the accident. It was an accident. He wouldn't have hit the batter for anything in the world. He was very sorry and had attempted to explain, but Andrew wanted no explanation. He wanted Luther to say just one thing which would give him an excuse for sending his bony fist crashing between the pitcher's eyes. And Luther was trying his best not to say that one thing.

Three of Magees' teammates were with him. Occasionally one of these would come across with a bit of brilliant repartee. "Just let 'im ever hit me," grunted Lanky Wade, "an' I'll paste him so hard he'll have to be dug out of the ground with a shovel."

The truth was that Magee and his crowd had gotten to talking and enjoyed listening to themselves. They knew Luther was scared and they wanted to keep him that way. They did.

Many brave men are never suspected as being such. Cowards are usually spotted pretty early in life. Luther Bridges was born spotted. He had never fought and he was determined that he never would. He possessed a certain definite use for his nose, and he was positive that use had nothing to do with allowing some hulking brute to flatten it with a misplaced ham. The sight of blood made him trembly in the knees, and the mere thought of physical combat gave him about the same amount of pleasure as that experienced by the wren which finds itself in the clutches of an owl. Luther heaved a sigh of relief when Magee and his crowd finally walked away.

The game that day marked the end of a three-day series between Morganville and Clanton on Clanton's grounds. The Morganville team moved on to grapple with another foe in the little Class Z League, leaving the Clanton bunch to cross bats for the next three days with Brierfield—these games also on the Clanton grounds.

Luther foolishly hoped that news of the Magee trouble would not be bruited about. But he didn't know Magee and his friends. Before they left Clanton that night everybody in the little town knew that Bridges had refused to fight when Magee offered him insults no real man could overlook.

And, when the Brierfield team came on the field the following day, Luther knew they had also heard the news. Certain remarks put him wise to that fact. And in the first inning, because he was nervous, Luther hit a Brierfield batter. The Brierfield players knew the Clanton pitcher was nervous. They determined to make him more so. They did. The man who was hit proved to be a first-class specimen of sidewalk comedian. From first base he told Luther just what he was. And when Luther walked the next man up the batter who was hit continued his monolog on second.

Luther went all to pieces. There was only one reason why he wasn't taken out. There was no one to put in his place. The Clanton team had a salary limit a good soda-jerker would have sneered at and could afford only one pitcher. So Luther stayed in and Brierfield won.

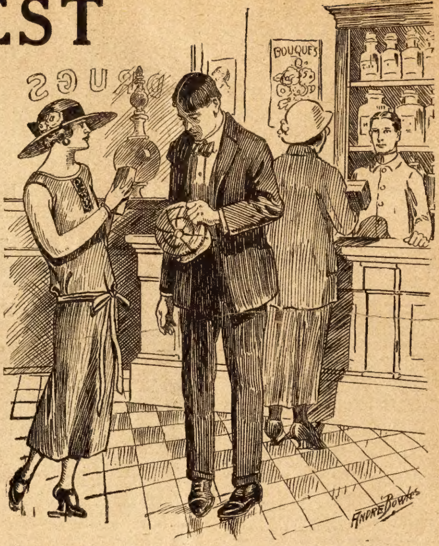
Remembering the success of Mr. Magee, the man whom Luther hit that afternoon also paid him a call. He spent ten minutes telling Luther what he would do if he ever hit him again, and another ten telling him what he felt like doing anyway. Luther passed half the time praying that he might never hit the man again, and the other half that the man wouldn't do what he felt like doing.

Then the Clanton team manager called on Luther. "You've got to brace up," he told his pitcher. "Every player in the league knows about you now and they're goin' to take advantage of it. They think you're afraid of them, and they know if they rattle you that you can't pitch. Just swing on the next one of those guys that says anything to you—off the field, of course—and they'll all let you alone. They say you are a coward——"

Luther didn't tell the manager that what they said was correct. No doubt the manager knew it, anyway. But whether the manager knew it or not, Luther was afraid to walk the streets—afraid some member of the Brierfield team would start something that might end in a fight. Luther knew a fight would be the end of him. He'd be killed or maimed for life. There was no doubting it. He had strength, but it wasn't fighting strength. Even as a child he'd never fought. Once or twice when there were only two things to do—fight or run—he had run and had, consequently, been in disgrace for weeks after.

It never occurred to Luther that if he should once fight it might give him a different standing—even if he should come off second best. The only thing he knew was that he would be beaten up, and, in addition to the disgrace, have many bruises to carry around for days thereafter. And always there was the idea that he might be killed. It haunted him . . . . hovered over him like a bird of ill omen. Once he fought he was bidding farewell to life and all it meant. And just now it meant Ruth Hemphill.

Ruth Hemphill didn't believe Luther to be a coward. More than once she had heard of his efforts to get out of difficulties, but she fondly believed that he had never fought because he had seen no reason why he should. But when she heard about the Magee affair, and then, on top of that, the disgraceful Brierfield man episode, she almost lost hope. Luther must certainly be a coward. And she could never marry a coward.

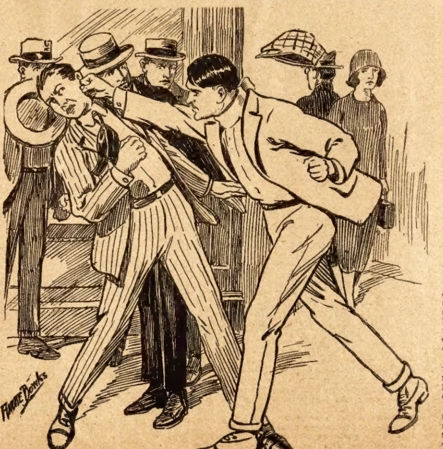


The night before the next series Luther met Ruth Hemphill in the town's one drug store.

Ruth had made many plans for Luther. This was to be his last year with the team. After that he was to get in some more substantial business than pitching in a zero league and then a year or so later they would be married. True they were not engaged—but that would come when Ruth should be ready. She knew how to manage Luther.

But his cowardice—there wasn't much doubt of it now—that was a pretty hard blow to swallow. She could overlook some things, but cowardice wasn't one of them.

Luther was a big, fine-looking fellow, awkward of course, rather slow thinking, but there was no reason why he should be afraid of other men.



Half-crazed with pain he went at Speedy like a buzz-saw.

LUTHER didn't call to see Ruth that night, but Speedy Keller of the Brierfield team did. Speedy had long liked Ruth and he knew girls well enough to know that Luther's present status was rather low. Everybody in town was disgusted with the cowardly pitcher. But Speedy didn't make the headway that night he anticipated. He made the mistake of saying too much about Luther and that which he said was not very complimentary. He didn't say much that Ruth wasn't thinking herself, but she didn't like to hear Luther's rival say it. Speedy didn't tarry very long at the Hemphill home.

As Ruth's doubt increased so did Luther's misery. Not only did he realize that he was losing out with the girl, not only did the members of the opposing teams bully him, but so did his teammates. The latter, of course, were not so flagrant in their torture as the acknowledged enemy, but they were a little worse than bad enough.

To add to his woes Luther became possessed of a boil on the back of his neck. It wasn't as large as some boils, but what it lacked in size it made up in throbbing cussedness.

The night before the next series with Brierfield on the Clanton grounds, Luther met Ruth Hemphill in the town's one drug store. Or, he didn't exactly meet the girl. He was in there, and couldn't escape when she entered. He hadn't been to see her lately. But Ruth made him walk home with her, and on the way home she delivered a lecture—a lecture such as only a woman in love, and who is angry at herself for being in love, can give.

Ruth was a good sport. She was willing to see the other fellow's side of any question, but just now she couldn't see that Luther had any side. This dark-haired, thoroly competent girl had planned much for the miserable man at her side and she was determined not to give up the fight without one last supreme effort.

She insisted that Luther should knock down the next man who insulted him. Luther tried to tell her why he didn't want to fight. She didn't want to hear it. She knew why, and altho she didn't say so in so many words, Luther knew that she knew him to be a rank coward. What he didn't know was that the girl realized that Luther's trouble was more the fear of the unknown than lack of manhood—once that manhood was aroused.

Luther almost determined to leave town, but something held him; he knew not what. Perhaps it was the boil; it had become so painful as to almost incapacitate his thinking apparatus.

The girl noticed him writhing under the torture. The bandage around his neck told the story and she concluded that the remainder of her lecture might well wait until another time. Luther wasn't hearing half she said.

At Ruth's gate they were joined by Speedy Keller. He was losing no time in calling on Ruth. Bidding them good-night, Luther walked slowly away.

HALF AN HOUR before starting for the ball grounds, Luther was standing in front of the Buzzing Bee Cafe, staring moodily at the ground. The boil had become well-nigh unbearable. And then along came Speedy Keller and three of his teammates. Immediately Speedy became insulting. He was planning to get Luther in such a mental seethe as to insure the success of the Brierfield team that afternoon.

His fellows gathered around. Occasionally one would slip in a word. And then—suddenly—Speedy raised his hand, and, to emphasize a remark, slapped Luther sharply on the back of the neck.

Clanton citizens yet speak in bated breath of that fight. They say Luther was like a wild man. Half-crazed with pain he went at Speedy like a buzz-saw. He knew nothing of the science of fighting, but he knew he was hurt and hurt bad—hurt worse than he had ever expected to be in his life—and the man responsible should pay for it. His arms possessed plenty of strength. Cord-like shoulder muscles sent his blow home like trip-hammers. And, before Speedy's teammates realized what had happened, Speedy was down and out; one of them was in the same condition; another rapidly becoming that way—and then the other broke and ran.

Speedy Keller was able to play ball that afternoon, but he didn't especially distinguish himself. In fact, he was not very comfortable. Too many people were laughing at him—and he was one solid ache from head to feet.

With the light of battle still shining in his eyes, Luther was putting them over the plate as never before. There was no danger of his hitting the batter—the batter was looking out for that. No insulting remarks were hurled his way. Instead, he was referred to as "the outfightenest fool in the world!" No one wanted trouble with Luther.

The manager chuckled. He knew that, ordinarily, Luther was the best pitcher in the league, and that the fortunes of the Clanton team had changed for the better. Even Magee would let Bridges alone from this time forward.

And Luther was no longer afraid. His face was drawn from the suffering caused by the boil, but he was pitching winning ball. And he was ready, willing and waiting, to fight if any one desired that sort of entertainment. No one did.

SPEEDY KELLER and a teammate watched Luther Bridges and Ruth Hemphill stroll slowly down the street, apparently oblivious of everything on earth except each other.

Speedy shook his head. "Just like a woman!" he grunted disgustedly.

"What do you mean?" The other's tone betrayed curiosity beyond the meaning of his words.

"That Hemphill girl. Been crazy about that feller all the time. Why——" Speedy choked, "she's the one that told me to slap him on the neck!"

THE END.

A Pretty Mexican Girl and Loco Weed Bring Well-laid Plans to Naught
In the Second Installment of

T AND S

BY W. P. BARRON

Synopsis.

T AND S grew to manhood in the small town of Rising Star, Texas. As a small child he had been found toddling down the tracks of the T. & S (Trinity and Sabine) Railroad. The powers of Rising Star adopted the little stranger and consigned him to the care of two widow women, setting aside a small annuity for his keep. It was decided that he should be called T and S, so long as no other name developed. Years later

BILL TURNBULL, horse trader and cattle dealer, was shot and killed in a saloon. T and S, now full grown, aided in caring for the body, and while thus engaged met

GERTRUDE TURNBULL, Bill's daughter, a school teacher who found no friend in old

TOBIAS WEATHERLY, banker, mortgage shark and president of the school board. One day T and S, somewhat intoxicated, observed Tobias abusing Gertrude at the school. T and S assaulted the old money lender and left town to avoid the consequences. Gertrude lectured him on his bad habits and he promised to do better. He was next heard of at the Lone Star ranch—keeping his promise.

Weatherly had a copy of a mortgage on Gertrude's old home place—the "Old Bill Turnbull ranch"—now giving signs of oil. The old banker visited

LOUIS TITTLE, county clerk, seeking his aid in getting possession of Gertrude's acres. The mortgage, held in the clerk's office, was indorsed as "paid in full," and bore the banker's and Turnbull's signatures, but Tobias thought a copy could be made and "aged" to resemble the original, but minus his signature. This done, Tobias could foreclose on Gertrude's property.

When the girl, now a stenographer at Fort Worth, was warned to pay $200 and interest for five years—and pay at once, she hurried back to Rising Star and exhibited a note—released—"paid in full"—and signed by Tobias. The old schemer, foiled for the time, hired

PEDRO LOSE, hotel waiter, to steal the release from Gertrude's hand bag. She accused the banker, who denied the theft. Going to her old home she was trapped on the back porch by Bevo, an escaped prize bull. T and S came to the rescue. The cowboy heard her story and advised her to return to Ft. Worth and leave him to deal with old Tobias. That night, back at Lone Star ranch, T and S took another cowboy,

"LANKY BILL" TAYLOR, into his confidence and that night Taylor was in Rising Star on a secret mission.

IT WAS almost noon when Bill Taylor saw Tobias Weatherly leave his bank and walk towards the county clerk's office. Bill hitched up his leggings, loafed leisurely toward the old mortgage shark and hailed him, in an indifferent tone: "Is this here Mr. Weatherly?"

"Yes," answered Tobias suspiciously, scenting a request for a loan.

Cowboys were not "good risks." True, they usually paid in the end, but they were liable to kick up a row and do the lender bodily harm if they were pressed too closely for payment. Therefore it was not with very good grace that Tobias had said "Yes," and waited for the leisurely approach of Mr. Taylor.

"If you are Mr. Weatherly," Bill said after a slow survey of Tobias' rather ample person, "I've got a message for you."

"All right, what is it?"

"I'm from Guinn Reeves' ranch," said Bill, naming a ranchman who lived in Erath County, next to the county of which Rising Star was the county seat. "He said to tell you he had a oil inspector down there with him, and he said for you to come an' bring Mr. Tittle, the county clerk, an' a lot of blank land deeds, an' oil leases, an' money with you."

His message delivered, Bill took out his small sack of tobacco, rolled a cigarette, and turned as if to go back to his horse, which was hitched at the nearby horse rack.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Tobias. "Is that all he said?" Bill turned impatiently and gave Tobias another prolonged and curious stare. "Yes, that's all he said. Did you expect him to send his love an' a kiss, or for me to tell you to watch an' pray or remember the Maine, or anything like that? If you air goin' you'd better ride so as to get there about supper time. Hurry up an' I'll wait for you."

In half an hour Tobias and Tittle, led by Bill Taylor, left town on horseback. They were bound for Guinn Reeves' ranch in Erath County, and were traveling on the road that led by the Lone Star ranch.

As they passed the Lone Star, whose ranchhouse was about half a mile to the right of the road on a gently rising hill, Bill Taylor did not even glance towards it. The great sprawling, whitewashed house sitting there in its shady grove of sycamore trees made a beautiful picture but Bill didn't appear to see it.

Perhaps his inattention was due to the fact that just as he got opposite he yelled, "Lord! Look! What a big jack rabbit!" And putting spurs to his horse he galloped across the open prairie, twice shooting at the jack rabbit with his Colt's "forty-five" as he went.

In a few minutes he returned with a crestfallen air, and said, "Missed him clean, with both barrels," and rode on without further comment.

The revolver shots, however, aroused T and S who was taking a siesta out on the porch of the bunkhouse, with his head on a saddle. He jumped to his feet, went in the house and returned with some field glasses. He climbed up on one of the tall sycamores and with the glasses watched Bill Taylor and his party until he was satisfied as to who they were.

Then he climbed down, ran to the horse lot, mounted his pony and galloped away across the open country in the direction Bill Taylor's supposed jack rabbit had taken.

The road Bill Taylor and his party were traveling, in order to avoid rough country and also several small but steep hills, described almost a horseshoe in this part of its course finally coming out at the foot of a mountain, known locally as "the Sam Bass Mountain," which had one time been the favorite hiding place for an old Texas outlaw, Sam Bass. At the foot of the mountain the road passed thru the bed of what was usually a dry water course, into a small canyon or ravine, to emerge after a few hundred yards into open country again.

By galloping across country T and S was able to reach this ravine considerably ahead of Bill Taylor's party, on account of the horseshoe bend in the road. When he reached it T and S rode thru and concealed himself in the brush and small scrub oaks beyond.

He did not have long to wait. He soon heard the clatter of their horses' hoofs on the hard flint rocks of the little ravine; together with Taylor's loud, boisterous laugh.

T and S turned in his saddle and looked at the long road behind him as it wound around towards the base of Sam Bass Mountain. There was no one coming in that direction. Then he urged his pony to a sharp trot and met the three men in about the center of the ravine.

Tobias did not speak, nor show in any way that he recognized T and S, but made as if to pass him without speaking; which is a rare thing in the ranch country.

He had not seen T and S, except at a distance, since the schoolhouse episode of the year before, but the hateful memory of his humiliation at that time still rankled in his breast. Besides that he hated all the debonair young cowboys of the ranches. They were too cocksure, too independent of money. And it was with money that Tobias ruled. Therefore to him, T and S and those of his kidney were rebels.

Tobias reined his horse to one side of where T and S stood waiting, and was riding past, when T and S suddenly reached out a gloved hand and seized his bridle rein.

"Why, Mr. Weatherly," he said pleasantly, "you ain't goin' by a feller without speakin' are you? Let's stop an' pass the time o' day."

Tobias scowled, jerked at his bridle and spurred his horse, again essaying to pass. T and S gave his pony a peculiar pressure of the knee. Trained to this trick the pony thrust his head forward, and with a squeal of anger bit viciously at Tobias' arm. The banker jerked quickly back, avoiding a savage bite.

"There!" exclaimed the cowboy with well feigned innocence. "Even my pony don't like your bad manners. But don't reach out your arm any more, because if you do he's liable to take a good sized piece of it—to remember you by."

"Well, what do you want then?" asked Tobias irritably, and with a growing fear of what he saw in the steady gray eyes of T and S, who had never ceased his watchful gaze.

"Why, what I want, or what me an' Bill want, for he is in with me on this deal, is for you an' Mr. Tittle to ride up on top of Sam Bass Mountain with us where we can have a quiet talk, without anybody hearin' us or stoppin' us."

"Do you mean to rob us?" blustered Tobias, his face taking on a sickly pallor. "I'll tell you plain you won't get much. I've got a few dollars an' a cheap silver watch. That's all. I know your kind too well to travel around in this here wild country with a roll of money."

"No, it ain't that," replied T and S, suddenly straightening up in his saddle when he realized he was losing time. Some one might come along the road and interrupt.

"It ain't that. Me an' Bill is lousy with money. We don't need none. All we want is to help you to remember somethin'."

With that he jerked the bridle out of Tobias' hand, wheeled his horse, and with a "Bring the other one on, Bill," set out at a quick trot for the other end of the ravine, and then up the steep sides of the mountain towards the summit.

As he went, he said, "Don't try to get off your horses, neither one of you, because if you do you'll get hurt. An' me an' Bill don't want to hurt you, an' we won't if it can be helped. All we want is to help you remember somethin'."

Neither of the men replied. Tittle, whose horse was being led in the same fashion by Taylor, was in such a blue funk from terror he could not have uttered a word. And Tobias was running thru his mind all the terrible things he had heard and known lawless cowpunchers to perperate upon peaceful and quiet citizens.

Tobias had learned a valuable lesson in life. When uncertain and in doubt say nothing, and he was living up to it now. He was also searching his soul for the hidden meaning behind, "All we want to do is help you remember something."

He was not left long in doubt. Arriving at the summit, which was covered by great granite rocks, T and S dismounted near the mouth of a little cave, in front of which were two huge bowlders. These rocks were so situated as to hide the entrance of the cave from the winding road below.

After Tobias and Tittle had dismounted the cowboys tied them quickly and securely with their lariats. Neither made any resistance. They knew it to be useless and from observation and experience of similar occasions in which they had either participated or been interested spectators, they had learned that resistance always increased the punishment. And, while they were in utter ignorance as to why they were receiving this treatment, they knew discretion to be the better part of valor.

"Gents," remarked T and S pleasantly, as he gave an extra hitch to the lariat about Tobias' plump ankles, "we are now in front of what is known as Sam Bass' Cave. You know, Sam Bass was an old robber in the early days before there was any bankers. He had his den in this here cave, an' he used to set all day watchin' the road for prairie schooners goin' over the old Spanish Trail towards Mexico. He could see good behind these here rocks, but he couldn't be seen.

"It was a lonesome place then, an' is yet. Nothin' nor nobody ever comes up here much but cayotes an' rattlesnakes. Except once in a while me an' Bill here. That's why we brought you-all up here. It's nice and quiet, an' that will help you to remember."

"To remember what?" asked Tobias testily. "To remember what? Why don't you spit it out; say what you mean!"

"By God, to remember what you done with Miss Gertrude's pocketbook, an' them deeds and things that was in it," snapped T and S suddenly thrusting his face livid with anger that had boiled inside of him since Gertrude had told him her tale, close to that of Tobias'.

"I don't know nothin' about it!" said Tobias, starting back from the face so close to his, and from the eyes that bored into him. "Not a blamed thing! An' you can't make me say I do."

"It ain't no pocketbook, nohow," suddenly finding his voice, "because I saw it that day she come in my office. It was a hand bag."

"I don't care what you call it, or what the women folks call it, but you two gents know what I mean, an' you know where that pocketbook is, an' them papers.

"So you-all are goin' to stay right here without anything to eat, or any water till you tell me where them papers are an' I have 'em all right here in my little hands.

"Bill," concluded T and S, "what did them Menonite preachers say at church last Sunday? Didn't they say fastin' and prayer made the children of Israel remember the Lord?"

"Yes," said Bill, "they shorely did say that. Said soon as them children of Israel got hungry they remembered the Lord right away."

"All right! Maybe it will act the same way on these gents. We'll tie 'em up now to these little trees, right out here where the sun will be nice an' hot tomorrow 'long about noon time.

"You see, gents, when you get all heated up and thirsty, water tastes powerful good. An' if you haven't got any water you can remember nearly anything you want to, especially if rememberin' things will get you a nice cool drink of water from Sam Bass' spring back here in this here cave."

THE two cowboys took the two heavily trussed men out in the open and bound them securely with lariats from their saddles to two small post oaks that had managed to gain a footing and grow among the rocks.

"Now," said T and S as he viewed the job of binding approvingly, "me an' Bill is goin' into the cave to rest, an' play seven up while you two gents is makin' up your minds to remember a few things."

It seemed to the two men, out there in the baking heat of the afternoon sun that beat pitilessly down on the small post oaks and granite rocks, that night would never come. They were already beginning to be uncomfortably thirsty.

Finally the sun went down and a cooling breeze sprang up. This brought some relief from the heat, but their thirst was increasing by leaps and bounds.

Only the hope Tobias held out to Tittle that surely some one would pass along the road next morning near enough for them to attract attention enabled them to carry on.

It was unbelievable, with several large ranches within a radius of thirty miles, that some wandering cowboy in search of "strays" would not wander near enough to hail. Or some traveler along the road would surely seek the well-known Sam Bass spring in the little cave, to water their horses and fill their saddle canteens. The spring was a land mark, the only chance to secure water for several miles in any direction. So they rolled their parched and burning tongues about in their mouths, and grimly resolved to endure until help should come.

The two cowboys, accustomed to these over-night camping trips in the open, ate heartily of the "jerked" beef and tortillas from their saddle bags. Then they drank water just as heartily from their freshly filled canteens, in plain view of their thirsty, hungry and infuriated captives. Thruout the night the two stood alternate watches to prevent by any chance the escape of their thirst-tortured charges.

At sunrise, Tobias and Tittle, who had slept fitfully in their cramped positions, dreaming of babbling brooks and cool limpid pools of water, began to eagerly watch what they could see of the road below for possible passersby.

The sun climbed higher and higher, became hotter and hotter, but the road now simmering with heat waves remained as free from travel as Death Valley itself. There were no wandering cowboys, no travelers riding up the mountain seeking the cave spring.

The resolution of the night before to endure until help came, wavered and weakened. As the mists of the morning were sucked up by the sun, and the heavy dew dried from the grass, the day grew very dry and hot. And then as often happens in the staked plains at that season of the year, a dry hot wind began to blow steadily from the south, and the rocky sides of Sam Bass Mountain grew as hot as a furnace to the thirst-tortured men.

Their mouths, tongues and throat were so dry and parched they could scarcely speak. Their eyes, bloodshot and inflamed, burned intolerably. They seemed consumed by a fiery fever. They breathed in panting gasps.

The two callous-hearted cowboys sat in the cool cave entrance playing their eternal seven-up; pausing ocasionally to drink deeply and with noisy gurgling sounds from their dripping canteens beside them on the rocks.

Nature could bear no more. The pride of possession, gold, oil lands, and ranches, what were these to a thirst tormented man? With a hoarse cry that was almost a croak the suffering Tobias called T and S.

When he came he said: "That there mortgage release is in the safe in my office. Give us some water, take us back to town, an' I'll get it an' give it to you. Now give me some water!"

"Not me!" said T and S, genially. "That ain't the way I do business; not with you, anyhow. I'll untie your arms, and you write a letter to that pop-eyed clerk of yourn in the bank to give me that there release. Then I'll turn you loose—after I get the release an' come back here. That's the only way I'll even talk about water."

Cursing him in his heart, Tobias yielded after a few minutes thought, which did not improve his thirsty condition any. With his hands untied, he wrote the following:

> E. M. Musick, Cashier Rising Star Bank:
>
> Deliver to bearer, who has the keys to my safe, one long blue envelope containing a mortgage release, which you will find in the pigeon-hole in the safe.
>
> TOBIAS WEATHERLY.

"Now give me some water!"

"Not yet," said T and S as he pocketed the order and the keys. "Have you got any blank checks?"

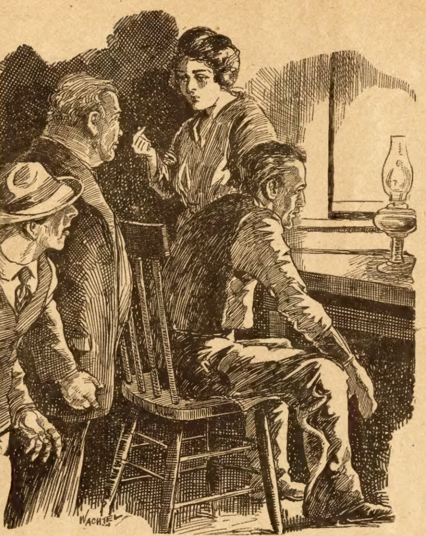
Tobias groaned. "Are you goin' to starve me an' rob me an' let me die of thirst?" he asked.

"I'm sorry to say it, but I'm just a little bit skeered to do that, no matter how much I'd like to. You take that blank check and write one on yourself for twenty-five dollars, so I can send the money to Miss Gertrude. That'll just about pay her expenses for comin' down here from Ft. Worth. She hadn't orter come, you know that. You know'd her claim was all right. So did Cap'n Tittle here. So now you write that check, then you both'll have a nice cool drink from Sam Bass' spring."

So the check was written and endorsed by Tobias, in his own favor, then Bill Taylor brought the exhausted Tobias and the whimpering Tittle a cool canteen of water each.

"Now," said T and S after the water had been ravenously consumed, and with a final hitch to his saddle girths he stood ready to mount, "now I'll do just what I said, an' that's more than you two old varmints ever done in your life. I'll get them papers, cash the check, telegraph Miss Gertrude to come back to Rising Star an' straighten out her business. Then I'll come back here an' turn you both loose."

Two hours later, T and S, the mortgage release in his pocket and the twenty-five dollars in his wallet, went to the railroad station and sent the following telegram to Gertrude in Ft. Worth:



"I must care for this young man until he is well! You must arrange! If you do not," she snapped her fingers in his face, "I go to the priest and confess all!"

"He remembered all right. Papers safe and in my hands. Come.

"T and S."

Just before the sun went down he reached Sam Bass Mountain and released his prisoners.

"Now listen good," he said to them. "If either one of you say a word about this here little party, me an' Bill will tell every cowboy for forty miles around what you both done to a poor orphan girl, whose daddy you both knowd when he was alive, an' he was a friend to you both in the early days. An' we can't say what would happen if we did tell 'em. . . . Besides that, cowboys can vote and in six months time Cap'n Tittle here might need them votes; who can tell?

"You men played a crooked game on Miss Gertrude, an' me and Bill played a crooked game on you to get even; an' we won. So take your medicine like men an' keep your mouth shut."

"Good-by, gents," called Bill Taylor as the discomfited pair picked their way thru the rocks down the mountain to the road. "Come back some time when you ain't got so long to stay." Sorry you didn't feel like eatin' an' drinkin' none durin' your visit."

"Oh! d—n 'em! D—n 'em both!" spluttered Tobias, jerking viciously at his bridle rein. "Just wait, my young bucks, till my time comes! Then we'll see! . . . Louis Tuttle, ain't you got nothin' to say!"

"What's the use cussin' about somethin' that has already done happened?" answered Tittle philosophically. "When we get a chance to get even, then it will be time enough to talk. I know one thing. Nothin' never tasted better to me than that water did, when they finally give us that drink!"

THE next morning T and S rode into Rising Star as early as he could leave the ranch to see if there would be an answer to his telegram. It was there:

"Meet me tomorrow. Early morning train from Ft. Worth. Gertrude."

Joyously he mounted his horse and set out for the Lone Star. As he rode across the square in the center of which sat the courthouse, he crossed the vision of Tobias, who sat brooding in his little den in the rear of the bank.

Tobias' office window faced the railroad station. He saw T and S when he rode into town, go in the station and then go galloping joyously out of town. He suspected the nature of the cowboy's errand and went over to the station at once to verify his suspicions.

Tobias had a nature that would brood, scheme, toil and plan to consummate his revenge on the subject of his hate. T and S and Gertrude—these two—were scarcely ever absent from his thoughts. Even at night he turned, restless and sleepless on his bed, planning and plotting to secure Gertrude's birthright and to revenge himself on T and S. These two things were gradually absorbing his whole time and thought, warping his judgment and destroying his usually good, hard common sense.

The station agent was a constant source of information for Tobias, so he had no hesitancy in approaching him. "That there young cowboy that just left here a few minutes ago. Did he send any message or anything?"

"No, he didn't send no message, but he got one. Here's a copy of it," and he handed Tobias the carbon copy of the message Gertrude had sent.

"Ha!" said Tobias, as he glared thru his glasses at the few words as if the words themselves were something to be hated. "Ha! Thank you, George. If any thing else comes you just let me know." And he returned to his office to think and brood and plot and scheme.

If one thinks long enough and hard enough about a difficult situation, a way out can usually be found. About 3 o'clock that afternoon Tobias took his feet off his desk, rose from his chair, threw the stump of a cigar out the window, and made his way to the Mexican restaurant on the south side of the square.

Serving at one of the tables was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, rather pretty Mexican girl who came up to serve Tobias when he sat down.

"Bring me a cup of chocolate, Dolores," he ordered. And when she had brought it he said, in Spanish, "Dolores, would you like to see your paw get out of the Texas penitentiary?"

The girl's fine soft eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered and she spoke with a little catching sob in her voice:

"Ah, Senor Weatherly, you but jest! Of a surety I would almost sell my soul to see my dear father free; who but defended himself when he killed the other man. Surely you would not jest with me! And the payment of money I owe you for my father's lawyer, I will pay it on the day it is due. It is for that I work here in this awful place. And——"

"There, there, gal," soothed Tobias in as kindly a tone as he could command in the Spanish language. "I'm not making fun of you and I am not worried over that money you owe me. But if you will help me, I'll promise that in three weeks your paw shall have a pardon."

"Oh! What is it that I, a poor girl, can do to help so great and rich a man? What——"

"Hush!" said Tobias in a low tone, looking about him. "Is there no place we can go for a talk?"

"There is my poor little room upstairs over this place, Senor. Come with me and I will get permission to be out for a little while."

"Now," said Tobias a few minutes later as he seated himself in Dolores' room, "listen good, for I'm goin' to talk in English; I don't get your Spanish lingo good. Now if you will do as I say, an' keep it all to yourself, you understand, your paw will soon be out of the penitentiary, an' home here with you. An' I'll do more. I won't charge you no interest on that next payment, when it's due. You can use the money to buy new clothes with.

"Now wait!" He laid a restraining hand on the girl's arm as she made a movement to speak. "Just you listen till I get thru an' then you can say yes, an' that'll be all there is to it.

"You know all about loco weed, don't you? Most Mexican gals do, an' they tell me you folks know how to make a strong tea out of it, an' mix it up in chocolate so that you can't taste it. And that when a feller drinks it he goes crazy; gets locoed just like a horse does when he eats the weed. Ain't that so?

"All right! Now then, do you know where you could get some of this loco weed an' fix me up some of that tea?"

"Yes, Senor, there is some of it growing out near the cemetery. I saw it there last Sunday when I went to put flowers on my mother's grave. But, Senor, why——"

"Never mind! You just wait now till I get thru talkin', an' then you'll see how easy it all is. What I want is for you to go out an' get some of that loco weed, an' make a strong tea, an' tonight when a red-headed cowboy comes into the restaurant with another long, lean, lank, black-haired cowboy, an' when the red-headed one says to you, 'Bring us two cups of chocolate an' some chili;' an' when he says it—the red-headed one, I mean—reaches over an' hands you a silver dollar instead of waitin' to pay till he gets thru eatin, why that's to be a sign for you to put that strong loco tea in one cup of chocolate an' give it to the black-haired bowboy, an' a straight plain cup of chocolate without loco tea in it to the red-headed one. Now that's simple and plain. Will you do it?"

As Tobias had gone on unfolding his scheme the girl had been gradually shrinking away from him. Her eyes dilating with fear, and her trembling hands clasped in her lap.

"Senor!" she gasped, "I cannot do it! I cannot! Holy Mother! It would make the dark-haired cowboy crazy—locoed—for three or four days. In just a very short time after he drank the chocolate, it would make him dizzy and weak and faint. He would not know even what he did. The loco is to be used only on one's enemies, or on one that one wishes to get in their power.

"The cowboy's friends might suspicion me because of the chocolate and come for me. And then I, too, would join my father, and see him as you have promised, but it would be in prison that I would see him."

The girl laughed a nervous little laugh and rose to go, signifying by her actions that the interview was at an end.

"No, Senor! No! I cannot do it. It is wicked. It is base. To be used only on one's enemies in revenge——"

"That's it!" hissed Tobias, with a livid face, as he grasped the girl's arm and pulled her back in her chair. "That's it! I hate this man like the devil does holy water! He is like— He reminds me every day— Anyhow, I want revenge on him for what he has done to me. I want to get even with him!

"The red-headed cowboy is my friend. He'll be there to help me. Nobody will ever know or care, except—except me, what becomes of the black-haired one; he's no good. Think now! Think quick! Help me an' I'll get your paw a pardon. I swear it an' I can do it, too. I'll let all your interest money go. All you have to pay back is the money I paid the lawyer for you, to defend your paw when he was tried. That's all. Not another nickle more.

"Now ain't that fine? Don't you think you ought to do this for me for bein' kind an' good to you? If I hadn't let you have the money to hire a good lawyer, they would have hung your paw sure! You don't run no risk in this thing. Nothin' can happen to you. Nobody will ever know about it. Will you do it?"

For a few minutes the girl sat in thought. What did the quarrels and feuds among these Texans mean to her. How could locoing a strange cowboy, making him crazy and foolish for a few days, affect her? Did not the wealthiest man, the foremost citizen of the town, promise her protection? On the other hand there was her father and his pardon——

"Very well, Senor, I will do it. But you must first get permission from Gonzales, downstairs for me to be gone for an hour or two. At the end of that time I will be ready for your no-good cowboy."

"Sure, I will!" assented Tobias joyously. "I own this here house, an' Gonzales will be glad to favor me. I'll tell him you are goin' to my house to show my sister's kids how to make tamales."

AFTER he had seen Dolores safely on her way to gather the ingredients for her devil's brew, Tobias' next visit was to the county clerk's office.

"Louis," he asked as soon as Tittle acting on the hint of a significant wink from Tobias could get rid of his deputy, "is Rufe Gordon still in jail?"

"Yes," replied Tittle, "you know you said hold him a few days until you found something for him to do, an' then you'd go on his release bond."

"All right! I'm mighty glad he's there

because I've got a job for him. I knew that he was still locked up because I went ahead an' planned to use him."

"How? What job?" asked Tittle putting on his hat preparatory to going with Tobias to the sheriff's office in the jail to secure the release of Gordon.

"I'm goin' to get Rufe to steer that there T and S fellow down to Gonzales' restaurant, have him doped with locoed chocolate an' then get them papers back."

"What!" exclaimed Tittle no longer indifferently curious. "Locoed! What do you mean? How? . . . Ain't you afraid to get mixed up with Rufe Gordon, an' them there Mexicans? They might get you in trouble."

"Not a chance!" said Tobias airily. "I know enough on the whole bunch to railroad 'em to the penitentiary in two weeks. They darsen't give me away or talk behind my back. That good lookin' Mexican gal, Dolores, is goin' to fix up some loco weed tea, Mexican style, an' I bet that'll throw that meddling T and S for a day or two; anyway till I can get them papers back. . . . Come on, let's go on over to the jail. That Turnbull gal will be here from Ft. Worth in the mornin', after them papers, an' I am figgerin' on beatin' her to it."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Tittle. "Just a minute! While you've got T and S locoed, why can't we get the right sort of a jury to set on his case? Try him for lunacy an' railroad him to the lunatic asylum!"

"Good for you!" praised Tobias gleefully. "If you run with me long enough, Louis, you'll be a real smart man. Come on now, let's go see Rufe Gordon."

"Rufe," said Tobias, ten minutes later, after the sheriff had admitted them to the "run-around" of the county jail where the ordinary criminals were allowed to remain for exercise during the day, "what are you in for this time?"

"Cattle rustlin'," grinned Rufe, getting up from the wooden bench on which he had been sitting, stretching himself, and running a freckled hand thru his mop of red hair.

"Of course, I didn't rustle no cattle, but it looked like them ranchers down around Stephenville has got it in for me an' air bound to railroad me to the pen."

"How'd you like to do a little job for me?" asked Tobias ingratiatingly.

"If you'll just git me out of here an' stake me to a little money why I'll do anything you want done, from killin' a Mexican to stealin' a widow woman's dog. Just try me!"

"Do you know T and S? Never heard of it. What is it? A new kinder terbacker?" Tobias grinned.

"You don't know him, I can see that by what you say. T and S is a cowboy out here on the Lone Star ranch. This here town raised him from a little kid, an' then turned him loose to do all the devilment he could think of."

"Seems to me I have heard of that bird," said Rufe scratching his head. "But I ain't never seen him. You see I ain't never been in Risin' Star much. Erath county has always been my stampin' ground. Anyhow, what is it you want done?"

Sitting on the bench beside him, Tobias told Rufe, in a low undertone what he wanted. "All you have to do," he concluded, "is to make friends with him, steer him around to Gonzales' restaurant, set down at the fartherest table on the right-hand side as you go in. An' be sure to take your hat off so the gal can know you by your red hair. Then when she comes to wait on you you hand her this here silver dollar, an' say 'Bring us some chocolate, Senorita, with nutmeg in it,' an' she'll do the rest. Then you walk around town with him for a spell, till he begins to get dopey, then you steer him around to Mr. Tittle's office, an' fade away."

"Sounds easy," commented Rufe, "but how do I get out of here, an' what is there in it for me?"

"Don't you worry! I'll get you out right now. I'll go on your release bond, an' here's twenty dollars, an' the freight trains ain't quit runnin' towards Ft. Worth either. So if you beat it over into Mexico an' don't never come back for your trial it'll be all right with me. I'll pay your bond.

"Now come on! That there T and S will be here soon an' we must rush this thing thru. We mustn't let the grass grow under our feet." In a few minutes, with the release bond made, Rufe Gordon was breathing the air of freedom.

"How will I know this critter?" he asked. "What brand has he got?"

"Anybody can point him out to you," answered Tobias. "Just hang around the First Chance saloon an' keep a watch on who rides in from the direction of the Lone Star ranch. He's tall, lank an' black-headed an' tries to look dandyfied an' stylish. You won't have no trouble findin' him, an' he'll surely be here between now an' night. Don't let him get away from you till he drinks that chocolate. That's the main thing."

With these final instructions the three men went their several ways. Tobias and Tittle to return to the county clerk's office, after an early supper, to await developments.

Rufe Gordon was not long delayed. In about half an hour a fairly well-dressed cowboy, mounted on a splendid "clay bank" pony, cantered up to the hitching post and dismounted.

"Who is that dudish-looking critter that just rode up out there?" Rufe asked the First Chance bartender.

"Don't you know him? That's T and S, the boy this here town raised from a baby. Called T and S, Trinity and Sabine, after the railroad where he was found. This here town adopted him regular, an' the only maw an' paw he's got is this burg. The town tried to make somethin' outen him at first, but he got to fightin' booze, an' gamblin'. Then the town kinder got down on him, but all at onct he cut out the booze, straightened up, an' since about a year ago he's been a regular cowboy, an' a good one, too. He may be studyin' to be a preacher now, from the way he acts. He don't drink nothin' an' you can't get him in half a mile of a card game."

Rufe didn't wait for any more particulars, which the bartender would have gladly supplied. He left the saloon and strolled. T and S having hitched his horse, had started towards the Long Hotel.

Rufe stopped, and waited for T and S. "What mought your name be partner?" he asked, when the other stopped inquiringly.

"Well, it mought be Smith, and it mought be Jones, but it ain't either one. It's T and S."

"Is this Mr. T and S!" exclaimed Rufe with well simulated joy. "You air the very man I am wantin' to see! You are cowpunchin' out at the Lone Star ranch, ain't you?"

T and S nodded.

"All right then, you can show me the way there when you ride. I'm down in Erath County, an' the ranch boss on the Bar X ranch sent me up here to see about gettin' some Hereford heifers from the Lone Star. My name's Rufe Gordon."

"Sorry not to accommodate you, Mr. Gordon," as the two shook hands, "but I ain't ridin' till some time tomorrow. I'm goin' to stay in town tonight. Just goin' now to the hotel to get my supper."

"Shucks! that's too bad! as the feller said about the three eggs. But come on down to the restaurant with me, an' let's eat somethin'. Then I'll be ridin'. I guess I can find my way out to your place."

"No trouble to find the road; it's just a plain road, with one turn to the right when you reach the Mission Church. But about that eatin'—" T and S hesitated. "I was goin' over to the hotel to eat. I don't set much store by them cheap restaurants."

"Man!" replied Rufe, "you said a mouthful! But I know a gal down here at Gonzales that makes chocolate and cooks tamales like a real sure 'nough Mexican queen. Come on, an' I'll set 'em up, an' if you don't say them two dishes is all right, why the drinks will be on me, too. Yer see, I don't like to eat at no hotel where you has to wash your hands an' eat with your coat on, whether you want to or not. Come on, let's go!"

"Sister," said Rufe Gordon, after they were seated at the last table on the right-hand side as you go in, "Sister," and he carelessly removed his hat and ran his hand thru his red hair, "bring us two cups of that there chocolate of yourn, with the nutmeg in it, an' a dozen tamales. Shake a hoof now, gal! Shake a hoof!"

And he handed her a silver dollar.

"Now!" exclaimed Rufe triumphantly, when the tamales and chocolate were served, "what do you think of that? Ain't it like mother used to make? Don't you want some more?"

"Not just now," answered T and S as he rose to go. "But I think I'll come back later, before I go to bed, an' have some more. . . . Now if you'll excuse me, I'll walk over to the depot a minute."

"Sure, partner! Not a-tall. If you don't mind, I'll walk over there with you. I ain't got nothin' to do but ride out to the Lone Star, an' I've got all night to do that."

So the two went out together, followed by an anxious look from Dolores' dark eyes.

T AND S went to the station hoping for another message from Gertrude. He knew it wasn't there, but he could not content himself until he asked.

This vain errand accomplished, the two cowboys strolled down to the cattle pens, where there were some fine steers waiting to be shipped to the Ft. Worth stockyards.

They leaned over the fence, and discussed the fine points of the various animals.

A silence fell on them.

Rufe Gordon, who was furtively watching, saw a grayish pallor begin to spread over the other man's face.

His forehead, from which the wide-brimmed cowboy hat was pushed back, was beaded with sweat. And when he mopped his face with his gayly covered bandana handkerchief his hands trembled.

Ruge gave no sign that he had noticed the other's silence or the change in his countenance. He pretended to be absorbed in the steers.

"Now that black-an'-white pided steer over there," Rufe said, pointing, "I'll bet he'll go all of two thousand pounds on the hoof, an'——"

He was interrupted by a nervous laugh and a trembling grasp on his arm.

"Partner," said a low husky voice, "are there two pided steers or just one? Or what's the matter with me? I seem to see him, an' then I don't. Everything seems to be goin' around me in a circle. An' then rushin' off an' comin' back. What the h—l is the matter with me, anyhow?"

"What you want, partner," leered Rufe, "is for you to let me steer you away from here towards town, an' get you a doctor. You look like a sick man to me."

"But why am I sick? I ain't drunk. Haven't touched a drop for over a year. You reckon it could have been the tamales?"

"I don't know. Don't think so, but come on. Let me get you back to town."

So, with Rufe holding T and S, who staggered like a drunken man, firmly by the arm, they started back.

Occasionally T and S would stop, to go around imaginary pools of water in the road. Or he would jump wildly back from a fence or a house, which he declared was rushing towards him. Altogether their trip back to the courthouse square would have been a splendid study for a scientist of the effects of the loco weed. It would have given valuable insight into the reasons why a horse, who has eaten loco weed, acts so strangely, giving origin to the word "locoed," which is Western for crazy.

However, this chance for study and investigation passed unnoticed by Rufe Gordon. T and S was past thinking.

He was rapidly losing consciousness of himself as a person. He was becoming a weak-legged, a staring, silly-acting automaton, with a vacant, foolish laugh. Just as Tobias had planned he should become.

It was dark, and the unlighted streets of the little town were almost deserted when Rufe Gordon staggered into the county clerk's office with his burden. He released himself from the hand that clung desperately to him, and sat the thing that had been a man in a chair. Then he turned with a triumphant grin to Tobias and Tittle, who had been waiting for him. All doors and shutters were closed. There was only the light of one dim lamp so as not to attract the attention of the passersby.

T and S huddled in the chair gazing fixedly at the lamp with a vacant smile on his face, paid no heed to Tobias, who searched his pockets with eager hands.

Finally he held up triumphantly for Tittle to see the blue envelope which contained the mortgage release. Then he hastened to satisfy himself that the original contents were intact.

"Oh, yes, durn you!" crowed Tobias. "It's my time to laugh now. If you ever see this envelope again it will be thru the bars of that there crazy house in San Antone. For that's where you are goin', my bucko!"

"Tee, hee!" Tillie tittered. "Won't that be a joke! We can put him in a cell in the jail tonight an' tomorrow swear that he's crazy, an'——"

"Senors," interrupted an anxious voice, followed by an insistent knock at the door.

"Let me enter, Senors." The three men looked at each other fearfully.

"'Tain't nobody but that Mexican gal from the restaurant," said Tobias, the first of the three to recover his nerve and presence of mind.

"I know her voice. Let her in, Louis."

"Oh! Senors!" exclaimed Dolores as she entered hurriedly. "I could not rest. I have been so afraid. The poor young man! Oh! If I have given him too much! If he should die! If he should remain locoed all his days."

She quickly crossed the room to where T and S sat still gazing at the lamp, with the same vacant smile upon his face. His forehead and hands were covered with clammy sweat.

She stopped and looked into the staring eyes. She felt the cold hands and placed her hand over his heart. The stricken man made no sign. He apparently was not aware of her presence, nor of those others in the room.

"Oh!" she blazed out at Tobias, turning on him fiercely. "How could you tempt me to do this terrible thing? Look at him!" and she burst into a storm of tears.

"It must be arranged for me to care for him," she sobbed. "To give him the reemdies of my own people, who know so well the loco weed and what it does."

No answer was vouchsafed her. Her appeal had been made to stony hearts.

The three men stared at T and S, who sat staring and smiling at the lamp. He, too, gave no heed to the girl's passionate outburst.

Dolores came nearer to Tobias, her body tense with nervous remorse.

"Heed me!" she said in a hoarse low voice. "Within a night and day this man will come near to death. I will not have his death upon my soul. I have sinned. In an evil hour I listened to the devil, who spoke thru you. Now I must repay. I must care for this young man until he is well. You must arrange! If you do not"— she snapped her fingers in his face—"I go to the priest and confess all! What shall it be?" and she turned once more anxiously to T and S.

Tittle bent towards Tobias and whispered hurriedly. "Wouldn't it be fine if this durn simpering fool should come out of his trance tomorrow an' find himself married to this here Mexican girl? Besides that would be another proof that we could use to prove he was crazy. She wants to take care of him; let's make her marry him."

Then seeing the doubtful look on Tobias' face he added:

"When he, the dandified dude of the Lone Star, wakes up married to a Mexican waiter girl, the fun will start then sure enough. He'll wish to God he never

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had seen Sam Bass Mountain, and us!

"If she don't want to marry him, talk hard to her. Scare her nearly to death. You know how to do that; besides she ain't got nothin' to lose. Try it!"

Over old Weatherly's fat, rather puzzled face spread an evil smile as all the possibilities of Tittle's idea came home to him.

He turned to Dolores and said, "How would you like to marry this here young man? You say you want to take care of him; to give him medicine to get him straight again. If you was married to him nobody could interfere with you."

"Holy saints, Senor! You but poke fun at me." Dolores spread out her hands in an expressive gesture. "Me marry this man? This American? Me, a poor Mexican restaurant girl! Why, when he became himself again he would murder me! And——"

"Never mind!" interrupted Tobias. "Don't rare around and chew the rag about it. He ain't—well, he ain't so much his ownself that he should kick up a row about marryin' you, an' as for killin' you, he wouldn't hurt a fly. Will you marry him if we get the justice of the peace? Mr. Tittle here he can make out the license. He keeps 'em ready an' handy over in that drawer there."

"No! Senor, I will not! This poor young man knows not anything. He would not know whether he was marrying me or not. He——"

"Listen!" snarled Tobias. "He don't know nothin', but we do! All three of us! We know who fixed up that loco weed an' put it in the chocolate. We saw you go out to the graveyard an' gather it. We saw you come back with it. We can all three swear to that. Rufe there can swear that you an' T and S was sweethearts. That you are jealous of him an' some other girl. He can swear he was a witness to the quarrel. He can swear you give T and S that there loco tea to get even with him. Mexican gals to do such things. Now then, if you don't marry him right here an' now, whether he will know anything about it or not, we are goin' to put you in a cell in the county jail, an' T and S in another. Then we'll send you to the pen. an' him to the crazy house."

Dolores drew herself up, and with a quick intake of breath, scanned the faces of the three men before her. She saw in these faces no pity. Nothing but a ruthless scrutiny, a settled expectancy, a foregone conclusion as to what her answer must be.

In her garter was a stiletto, a keen little dagger of Toledo steel. With one swift movement she could bury it in the evil heart that plotted all this. Another swift movement and her own heart would be still. But what of this young man, this cowboy she had locoed? What of him if she should die?

Alone, and not properly cared for he might die, or worse than death, go locoed all his days. And if she was dead her unshriven soul would be burdened with the sin of it all, unable to make amends

And this marriage, why not? What were the gringo laws to her? What was a marriage without the sanction of the church? Nothing! She could enter into this gringo marriage, nurse the victim of her making back to health, and when he had thrown off the effects of the loco weed she would be free. Free to go her own way, unhampered by church vows.

In this way only could she atone. In this way only would she be able to return to the altar of her church with clean hands, saying: "I have made restitution."

A refusal to marry meant the enmity and hatred, the revenge of Rising Star's most powerful citizens. Perhaps a prison cell—of a surety a prison cell—had they not said——

"Senors, you leave me no choice. Of a surety I will marry him. Why not? What else is there left for me to do?"

So Rufe was dispatched for the justice of the peace, Ben Hosmer, as Justice Bill Thompson, who had welcomed T and S to the city in days gone by, had long since been gathered to his fathers.

HOSMER routed from his bed and an early hour slumber, was not overly curious as to T and S's condition. He had seen drunken cowboys before and had married a few of them to Mexican or Indian girls when they were in that condition. Besides he knew Tobias and Tittle as two of the town's leading citizens. Being discreet, he valued their friendship and good will too highly to inquire too closely into anything they were evidently sponsors for.

In a few moments, with Rufe as best man, to hold the groom steadily on his feet, punch him energetically in the ribs and command him to say "Yes" at the proper time; and with Tobias to give away the bride, T and S and Doloras were made man and wife as hard and as fast as the laws of Texas allow.

The marriage certificate was made out and signed with Tittle and Rufe Gordon as witnesses. The wedding party conducted the bride and groom to Dolores' tiny little room over Gonzales' restaurant.

The somnambulant groom was deposited on the bed, and was soon gently snoring.

Dolores was given five dollars as a wedding present by Tobias. Rufe Gordon was given his twenty dollars, and he departed for the railroad station to catch the first freight or cattle train passing thru on its way to Ft. Worth.

Tobias and Tittle, calling it a day—a good one for them—went home to bed.

Dolores, after they had gone, stood with candle held high above her head and looked down with miserable conscience stricken eyes on the husband that had been thrust upon her. He was sleeping the sleep of a well-doped man. He had not really been conscious for hours

She pinched his cheeks. There was no response. She thrust a pin in the skin of his forehead; he did not wince. She bent over, lifted up his eyelids with her thumb and finger and moved the candle back and forth before his eyes. He did not heed. He was well locoed indeed.

As Dolores busied herself with these tests, and finally stood erect again, slow tears gathered and ran down her face. In her preoccupation she spoke aloud, and in her native tongue: "They made me marry thee, these cruel crafty gringoes. I was caught like a coyote in a trap. Senor Weatherly may have planned it from the first to revenge himself upon thee. I know nothing of these things. I only know that he tempted me with my dear father's freedom, and I sinned, against thee and against myself.

"But see!" She caught up her crucifix from the table. "I kiss the cross! And I promise to be a true wife to thee until thou art well again. Tomorrow I prepare the antidotes."

And she blew out the candle and lay softly down beside him.

The evil he had wrought did not prevent Tobias from sleeping well. Only the life-long habit of being an early riser enabled him to be on hand at the station next morning when the 7 o'clock train from Ft. Worth arrived. There was the usual crowd of idlers present with which he could mingle, and be conspicuous.

Gertrude stepped off the train and spoke to the old hack driver and proprietor of the Long Hotel, who was known all over northwest Texas as "Uncle Ginger" Phillips. Then she looked about inquiringly for T and S. Tobias could hardly refrain from shouting for joy as he furtively watched the look of expectant pleasure fade from her face, to be replaced by one of bewildered disappointment.

The train was gone and the crowd of station loafers gradually dispersed. Gertrude had given her bag to Uncle Ginger, and the old man stood expectantly waiting to assist her into his hack, when she caught sight of Tobias.

Something in his guilty, hang-dog look, the same expression with which your favorite bird dod regards you after he has devoured your wife's prize setting of eggs, aroused suspicion in Gertrude's mind.

Being a very direct person she decided to be satisfied at once about it. So she walked up to Tobias and said:

"Oh, Mr. Weatherly, I was expecting Mr. T and S to meet me here at the station. In fact I wired him to come. He found my hand bag and was to deliver it to me. Have you seen him, by any chance?"

This opportunity was worth all the scheming effort and money that Tobias had put forth. This was his hour and he meant to make the best of it—to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

He gave an extra hitch to his trousers, put his hands in his pockets and gazed far out across the rolling plain to the south. Raising his eyes he carefully scrutinized two gulf clouds floating lazily north. Then suddenly turning he leered into Gertrude's face and said: "Guess he must have forgot about it. He got married last night."

For an instant Gertrude's heart stood still. She shivered slightly as from a chill wind. Then the warm blood rushed to her face, and her voice trembled with anger as she said, "Nonsense! I do not believe it! I was foolish to expect even an ordinary courtesy from you!" Then she walked proudly away towards the waiting hack. Her face was burning with anger, and to save her life she could not keep back the tears.

Uncle Ginger had been an interested observer of the conversation, and saw her tears. "Miss Gertie," he whispered as he helped her in the hack, "I owe that old skinflint two hundred dollars at the bank, but I'll go an' bust this whip handle over his head if he said anything to hurt your feelings."

Gertrude shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, got back in the hack beside the other passengers and was driven to the hotel.

Gertrude went to her room and removed all traces of her angry tears before she trusted herself in the dining-room. Then she went down to breakfast.

Serving her table was a young Mexican girl, and at the next table was Pedro, who had stolen Gertrude's hand bag. As the two stood near their tables, after the breakfast was served, the girl said to Pedro, in Spanish, which Gertrude understood perfectly:

"Dolores got married last night."

"To whom?" asked Pedro in the same language. "I did not know she had a sweetheart."

"Nor did I," replied the girl, "but it seemed she had a gringo cowboy for a lover, and last night they got married. Gonzales told me so himself, and has offered me Dolores' job in his restaurant. Gonzales said Dolores had come downstairs from her room and said that she had got married last night and that her husband was sick, and therefore she could not work."

"Drunk, more likely," said Pedro contemptuously. "I thought Dolores had more sense than to marry a drunken gringo cowboy, who will beat her and leave her when he gets sober. And she is good-looking and comes from a good family, too."

Gertrude sat her coffee cup down with a trembling hand. For the moment the room reeled around her. She closed her eyes and the faintness passed.

Was it possible that Tobias had spoken the truth? And if he had, what did this marriage mean to her? Did she love the man? If she did, she had never realized it; never acknowledged to herself that she did. She must regain her poise, think things out and get the truth.

All this ran thru her mind in the little time that she sat with her eyes closed. Then she opened them again, beckoned to the girl, and asked for another cup of coffee.

Gertrude slipped fifty cents in the girl's hand when she returned with the coffee and said in Spanish:

"I overheard you say to the man that one of your friends married a cowboy last night. Will you tell me his name?"

"Surely I will, Senorita, it is very peculiar name, and I remembered it. He is called T and S, after the railroad here, because as a little child he was found on the tracks."

"Thank you," said Gertrude, wondering at herself because her voice was so firm and unfaltering.

Now she knew! She knew that from that day at the school—a thousand years ago it seemed now—she had loved him. First, even when a drunken lout, and then more and more, when, for her sake—she had believed it was for her sake—he had cast aside his drunkenness and become a man.

"Thank you," she said again to the girl. "It is no one that I know."

And, in her heart she felt that this was the truth. She did not really know this man after all.

She had thought she did. She had depended on him, trusted him, loved him. But, evidently the streak of good he had shown was only a flare up. He had returned to his whisky and his women. She must secure her mortgage release from him; then return to Ft. Worth and her work. She must resolutely put him out of her heart and forget him.

With her head held proudly up she walked out of the dining-room and around to the front of the hotel. Here she found "Uncle Ginger," with his feet propped up luxuriously on the veranda rail, smoking his pipe.

"What can I do for you, Miss Gertie?" he asked, hastily taking his feet off the rail. "Have you changed your mind about old Tobias, and want me to whip him? If you have, just say so an' I'll do it. I've been waitin' ten years to get an excuse to wallop him over the head with that big buggy whip of mine".

"No, it isn't that, Uncle Ginger, altho I must say I wouldn't care very much if you did wallop him. But I do want you to go down to Gonzales' Mexican restaurant with me. They say Mr. T and S married, last night, a Mexican girl who works there and has a room over the

(Continued on Page 15.)

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BY ALBERT G. MACKINNON

I.
THEIR MISTAKE.

"TO CONFESS that he was wrong was the one thing that Roderick Macpherson could not do. The pride of his stiff-lipped ancestry rose in revolt. The Macphersons of Graigmallich had long been noted for their dourness. And Roderick had inherited the old weakness along with the hereditary farm. In his turn he had added to both, and had already bequeathed to his only child, a daughter, the chin of the family.

"I hae mad' a michty mistak', fool that I was," he groaned as he stroked a beard streaked with gray, and looked woefully into the glowing embers on the hearth. "I shud no hae interfered, but let the lad an' lassie gang their ain gait. Sandy micht hae pit up a better ficht tho, an' no obeyed me sae meekly. Had it been me I wud no hae gi'en in sae tamely; no' for a' the auld men i' creation," and Roderick smiled grimly as he thought of his youth and how he had forced the world to yield him his own way until now. Then his face sobered again.

The calamity that had descended on him was too terrible almost to be grasped.

"My ain we dauchter!" he wailed, as leaning his elbows on his knees and hiding his face in his hands he sobbed convulsively. The letter which had brought the tragic announcement fell on the floor. It was the same girlish fingers which had made that room so sweet, the mark of whose refined touch might be seen everywhere about, which had written those heart-breaking words.

> Dear Daddy:—I did not want to tell you until after the marriage, for I knew you would object, you always do object at first. You cannot deny, that, Daddy! I have married an Indian, such a refined gentleman. There is not a young man in the Glen, not even the laird's son, who has half his polish. He has given me such lovely jewels, and says he is very rich. We are sailing tomorrow for Calcutta, where I am to have a most luxurious motor. And next summer I am to come back and see you. That will not be long. Of course I must sacrifice my University career, but then I am more of a dunce than a don, so that does not matter. It means also giving up poor Sandy McClure; but you will be glad of that, Daddy, as you did your best to keep us apart. Besides Sandy never spoke, and perhaps never would, and I am not the kind of girl to help such a slow-coach. Poor Sandy, I wonder what he will say when he hears that I have married a black!
>
> Your affectionate daughter
>
> JEANIE.

"I ouchtna to hae sent her to the College: but I wanted to get her oot o' Sandy's way. The puir chiel wud hae spoken afore lang. I cud see it i' his een an' my bluid was up. No son o' auld McClure's wud wed my dochter, no' if I cud help it. Yet what ailed me wi' Donald? It was I wha did him the wrang. I sold him oot o' his auld farm o' Burnbrae when I micht hae shown him pity, an' its human natur' to hate those we wrang maist. When he died I cudna let his son alane, an' puir Sandy took it a' sae meekly because he loved Jeanie, an' it was that which infuriated me; an' noo it has a' come back on my ain heid. Jeanie, my wee tender bairn, has married a black."

Again the big shoulders heaved with suppressed emotion, and even his greatest enemy would surely have been moved with compassion as he looked on the grief of Roderick Macpherson. "My punishment is greater than I can bear," he moaned.

When the first paroxysm of sorrow had passed the farmer made an effort to pull himself together. He rose and paced the floor, pushing his fingers thru his shaggy hair in his efforts to think. The very action caused him to miss the girlish voice that used to rebuke with a laugh his uncouth antics. She was gone, and he could do now what he liked unchallenged. He had often been irritated at her corrections, but how gladly would he have welcomed them now. The very thought made him go to a mirror and smooth out his tousled locks.

"I maun gang to Sandy, an' confess my fault. Thar's no' anither i' the parish wha wull dae for her what he'll dae. He wull face fire an' water to help her. After a' he has suffered, his hairt is still the same. I can count on that. He's no' easy roused, but when he is, Heaven help them that get i' his way. See the lads wha focht wi' him at the front. He micht turn on me, an' he has the richt to, but his one thocht wull be Jeanie an' hoo to save her. He maun gae after her. I wull gie him a thousand poonds to pay a' expenses. Sandy wull no be beaten, o' that I am sure."

As he spoke thus to himself a note of confidence came into the farmer's voice. Going into the hall he wriggled himself into his overcoat, and choosing a stout stick whistled for his dog.

Snow had fallen and the moonlight cast a ghostly gleam on the silent whiteness. The parish was robed in outward purity, and however dark may have been some of the tragedies and sorrows in its cottages, it looked saintly in its sparkling raiment.

Two miles was not a long way, but every step was weighted with the burden of sorrow. At last a faint glimmer on the hillside revealed Sandy's cottage. He lived by himself, for his farm was a small one, and his plowman's wife did all the necessary work during the day. It was lonely, but it suited Sandy's mood. He was not a mixer with men.

The soft snow made Roderick Macpherson's footsteps noiseless. The window was open, and he had reached it without giving any signal of his approach. He was about to raise his hand to knock on the pane, when he stopped, awed by what he saw and heard.

Sandy McClure was on his knees, his locked hands stretching over an open Bible. His head was uplifted, but his eyes were closed. He was talking, but not to man. Roderick stood spell-bound for he heard his name on the young man's lips.

"O God, saften the hairt o' Roderick Macpherson towards me, that I may dae nathin' dishonourable an' no' steal his daughter wi'oot her father's blessin'. May he be reconciled to me, and may his unjust hatred depart."

Roderick stepped to the door and lifted the latch. Then knocking at the inner room he entered. Sandy had risen to his feet, and stood dazed at the apparition that faced him. The subject of his prayer was clearly before him in the flesh.

"Yer petition has been answered, Sandy," began the elder man in a kindly tone. "I cudna help hearin' what ye said the noo. Surely the Lord meant me to hear it, for He has sent me the nicht to tell ye how He has answered yer prayer. But ah me! it's no' i' the way that ye thocht or that either o' us wud hae chosen; but perhaps it was the only way, for I wull admit Sandy that my hairt was gey hard, an' wud tak' some breakin'. The axe o' the Lord has done it, an' it has been a shairp an' cruel axe. But sit ye doun, laddie, for ye will need a' yer powers o' grace to staund what I am gaein' to tell ye. I hae had my shock an' shed my tears."

"Roderick Macpherson—what—what—is the meanin' o' this?" The question quivered with alarm. "Has it onythin' to dae wi' Jeanie?"

"Ay, laddie, that it has," was the answer in quiet tones, as the older man laid his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder.

"My prayer has been answered," murmured Sandy, "but I'm feer'd to hear hoo."

"Thar is cause. A great sorrow has fallen on us baith, an' it is that which has brocht us thegether."

"Surely, surely, Jeanie is no deid?"

"Worse than that, my puir laddie, she has married a black mon."

The soldier in Sandy came to the top. He had faced German shells without flinching. Now his face gave only one or two twitches, tho his cheeks paled.

"I canna believe that," he gasped.

"I wull read ye her letter, a' o' it. Tho what she says aboot yersel' wull be as an arrow i' the hairt. But this is no a time for keepin' onythin' back. She cared for yo' laddie."

"For me? Then why did ye no' let me speak?"

"Why didna ye speak, even tho I threatened ye wi' my curse?"

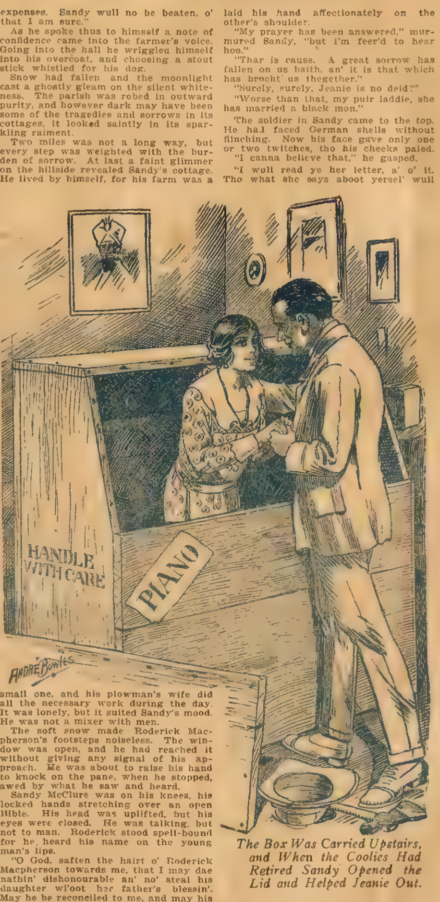
"Ay, I hae mad' a great mistak'," muttered Sandy. "I realize noo that love comes first."

Roderick read the letter slowly. When he finished there was a long silence.

"You maun gang, Sandy, even to the ends' o' the airth to seek her. I wull provide the siller," he said at last in solemn tones

"I wull gang—ay to hell itsel' for Jeanie's sak'." The words contained grief.

"The Lord gang wi' ye, laddie," was Roderick's benediction.



The Box Was Carried Upstairs, and When the Coolies Had Retired Sandy Opened the Lid and Helped Jeanie Out.

II.
HER MISTAKE.

SAY what you like there is a subtle alchemy about the air of Suez that affects character. The Indian judge who had been quite an ordinary man in London, begins to assume airs with the first whiff of the Indian ocean. The emphasis on color grows suddenly accentuated. People whose dark complexion was unnoticed in England now become conscious of it. Their fellow passengers look askance at them, and as the land of "caste" is neared, its chilling influence begins to freeze the milk of human kindness.

"Jeanie Macpherson, how delighted to find you on board!" had been the salutation of a girl college friend as the liner lay at the Liverpool warf.

"Ethel, is that you' How jolly that we shall be fellow travelers!" was Jeanie's innocent retort.

"I am going out with my brother to keep house for him. He is an I. C. S. man. It is perfectly ripping to have your company. We are to live in Calcutta. I hope you will not be far away from there. It will make a great difference to me to have you near. You kept us all cheery enough at College with your fun and spirits. I must introduce you to my brother; he will be glad to meet you. What rides we shall have! You are a perfect horsewoman."

"I had every chance, being brought up on a farm. I cannot remember when I first began to ride ponies bare-backed. I was always on them. I used to tell them all my secrets. I am looking forward to a lot of riding in India, and it will be awfully jolly to have you."

The two girls were leaning over the rail watching the bustle of departure. The impact of India on England was seen in the dusky faces that gathered round the liner.

"I say, Jeanie, do look at that handsome Indian there," remarked Miss Ethel Lipson as she caught her friend's arm. "I declare he has the finest figure I have ever seen, so lithe and sinewy. Why, he is coming on board, so we will be able to study him at leisure. He is the kind of a man I should like to see on a horse"

"He is my husband," answered Jeanie, a slight color flushing her cheeks.

"Oh, really, I did not know!" The accent was perceptibly cooler. The East was beginning to insert its wedge.

But it was not until Suez was passed that the wedge was driven home.

Jeanie was on deck one morning, when Ethel met her, stared thru her, and passed on. That was the first cruel stab. It might have been Mr. Lipson's fault. He was a man of a narrow official make, and he had been filling his sister's head with the nonsense which has embittered social life so much in India.

Poor Jeanie was to receive many such blows but the cruelest came from her own husband. It seemed as if he, too, was feeling the aroma of his native betal-nut. His mood towards his wife changed. In India the woman is subordinate, very much so, and her lord and master began to assume perhaps unconsciously the attitude of his country. He spoke less of her future pleasures and prospects, as if they did not count.

Each day drove the nail deeper into the Scotch girl's bleeding heart. Her fellow-country-women were perhaps thoughtless in their cruelty, and Jeanie realized the truth of the statement which in her ignorance she had often denied; that there is no inhumanity so heartless as that which one woman can show another.

At last the "London of the East," the "City of Palaces," rose above the banks of the Hoogly. Jeanie's curiosity concerning her future home was already being dulled. Her husband now scarcely referred to his house, and she felt a strange sickly feeling, as if the bright picture she had painted in her girlish imagination was to have no reality.

At Calcutta there were no farewells for her on the deck of the liner. No kind invitations and hopes to meet again. Instead she caught glances of scorn and sometimes of pity. Her husband led her down the gangway and across the wharf to where two motors were waiting. One was open, the other was closed with the blinds on the windows tightly drawn. Into this her husband showed her, then shutting the door, he stepped into the other, and reclining on its cushions, enjoying a cigar, drove thru his native city waving his hand to chance acquaintances as he passed, while his wife followed in the curtained car. This was her home coming!

Her heart burned with indignation. The car was luxurious enough, but it was a prison. A mad resolve seized her to break free, but the doors were locked. The windows even were securely fastened. Then the cars rumbled thru a doorway, which opened thru a massive stone wall and stopped in a court yard.

"I will show you your quarters," said her husband, as he helped her out. "I have given orders that your rooms will be furnished with the best English furniture so that they may look homelike. You will have this corner of the women's quarters all to yourself. You need not be afraid. I alone will have the key and you can have the others for company whenever you wish. I trust you will take to one another."

"To whom do you refer?" asked Jeanie, while a new fear numbed her heart.

"O, to my other wives."

(Continued on Page 14.)

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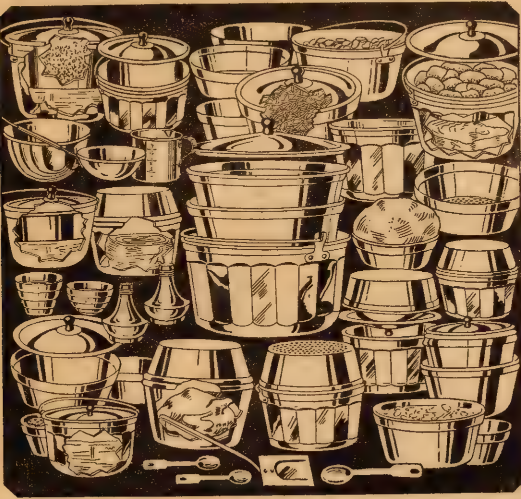

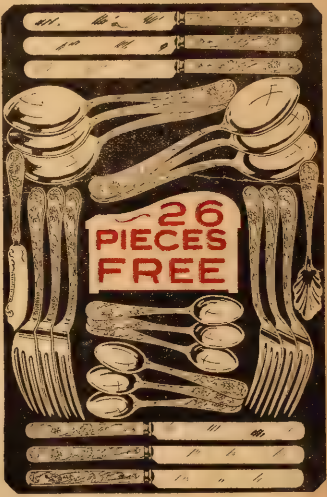

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Adams Aluminum Company

Chicago, Illinois

Benediction

(Continued From Page 4.)

be sullied by the stain of a violent crime

We reached the pool around the next bend—the best on the stream—where the curate's line landed on the water with a veritable splash, so miserable an exhibition of technique that any six-inch trout would have sneered at the very crudeness of it. But then a miracle happened. The pool boiled as a huge, lithe shape hurled itself into the air, falling on the tiny lure in a mad frenzy. The surface was churned into a lather of foam.

By all the gods, what had the Rev. Cuth done but raise the granddaddy of all the trout in Deep River, the original Old Settler—a fish known by reputation to every angler in the entire region.

That was the ultimate bit of chaff. Thru eyes that gleamed with an insane flame I watched the sight, saying nothing.

The curate's forty-dollar rod bent into a dangerous curve as the enormous trout ferociously lunged back towards the depth of the pool. The man behind it had not brains enough to yield an inch of line, but braced himself and rashly attempted to horse the monster bodily from the pool. That simply isn't done.

Came a faint snap and the rod buckled under the strain: the curate's feet slipped on a mossy stone; he clutched wildly at nothing; then executed a perfect spinning nose dive into the river.

A long minute passed, and at last he emerged, dripping moisture and sputtering like fireworks on a rainy night. He looked at me, and I at him, no remarks being passed. Then he dumbly turned his gaze upon the wreck of what had once been a beautiful fly rod, still grasped in one shaking hand; next at the placid surface of the pool, somewhere beneath which lurked the triumphant Old Settler.

Then——

"* - - ‡! ?% - - $@!! **-)(— ?$$''!" squawked the Rev. Theophilus Cuthbertson, voicing the words in deliberate precision, as one vested with the full weight of authority.

"‡- -$! %$@c:*!! (?) - - $—%c!!" I joyously echoed, leaping forward to grab him fervently by his moist paw.

He had saved my life.

THE END.

Her Great Mistake

(Continued From Page 12.)

"Your other wives!" she exclaimed in consternation.

"Yes, I have other three. There was no use telling you before, because you would not understand. A man of my position has seldom less than four wives. Women out here are proud to be married to a husband who can afford a number of wives. It gives them social position."

"Then I am not your real wife, but only one of four?"

"Oh, you are my wife all right, but so are the others; and remember they have got their rights."

"Let me out of this horrid place at once!" cried Jeanie. But the big door of her quarters had already been shut and locked. Her husband had hurried away to see his other wives.

The girl flung herself down on a settee, and burying her face in one of its cushions sobbed until there were no more tears to come. When at last through pure exhaustion her feelings were calmed, she rose and surveyed her surroundings. Her rooms were certainly most luxuriously furnished, and there were many ornaments that would have made a native woman's eyes glisten with delight. It was the windows, however, which attracted Jeanie's attention. They were all high up, and all of them without exception looked onto the inner court. Then she sank down again in despair, as she realized that she was like a bird securely caged.

"If only Sandy knew!" she insisted. Before her mind's eye rose the vision of that stalwart Scottish soldier, and even to think of him gave her confidence.

"I believe he will search the whole of India until he finds me, Poor Sandy!"

She little knew that already his ship had reached Colombo close on her track.

The days passed and Jeanie recognized that if she was ever to escape from her prison it must be by her wits and not through windows. One or two drives she had in the city, but little she saw of it from behind the drawn blinds of her motor.

She protested, but her husband answered her politely.

"You should think of my position. It would never do for one of my wives to be seen unveiled. You must do in Rome as Rome does."

Poor Jeanie in her hasty marriage had never stopped to ask how the wife of an Indian must live. She imagined that she could just do as she liked. That was her mistake.

Then one day an idea occurred to her. She saw in it a chance of freedom. She knew her letters were never posted, and that all communication between her and the outside world had been cut off. Yet if the plan she thought of worked, it would open the door of her prison.

III.

HIS MISTAKE.

SANDY McCLURE looked at Calcutta from the decks of his steamer as he had done at the German trenches. To him it was the stronghold of an enemy. If he had set out to search for the proverbial needle in the haystack, the fact that the needle was the girl he loved diminished the size of the haystack, even though it was Calcutta.

He had told some of his fellow-passengers of his errand, and those who knew the East said it was futile: the girl was lost forever. Sandy, however, smiled at his Job's comforters. Love made him sanguine. With one young man, David McGlashan, he had struck up a friendship. McGlashan, who was returning from a short leave home, was an assistant in a well-known chemist's shop. He knew the city well and entered into Sandy's exploit with enthusiasm.

"Calcutta is a city of closed doors: one half does not know how the other half lives. Behind the purdah things happen which would make startling headlines, but they are doomed to silence. Sometimes we get an inkling of them in the medicines we are asked to prepare," McGlashan remarked to his friend.

Sandy listened with interest. Then his face lit up.

"Ye mean ye sometimes send bottles to these imprisoned women. Mon, if we cud only find where she is, a bottle wud be a graund wey o' sendin' a scrap o' news to her."

Just at that moment Sandy, whose ears were alert, overheard the conversation of a lady beside him. It was Ethel Lipson, who had evidently come to the ship to welcome another lady friend.

"Look, Marion, at that tall Indian there," the girl was saying. "You remember Jeanie Macpherson, in our class, the clever girl. Well, that's her husband. What do you think? Isn't it sad? She came out on the same boat with me——"

The Indian had moved away. Evidently he could not find the person he was searching for, and Sandy did not wait to listen to the end of the conversation. He had heard enough. Seizing David McGlashan by the arm he tugged him along.

"Neever mind the luggage. We've got oor mon, an' must hang on to him, an' no' let him oot o' oor sight. Quick, Dauvid!"

They followed the unsuspecting Indian off the steamer, and, getting into a taxi, chased his car along the crowded streets.

"Money is na object," said Sandy. "I hae got auld Macpherson behind me, an' he has been savin' a' his life, an' noo he wull gie his last penny to get back his dochter."

The Indian drew up at a chemist's and entered the shop. Sandy and David followed, trying to look as unlike detectives as possible.

"Would you make up this prescription? I will call back in ten minutes for it," said the Indian, as he handed a slip of paper across the counter, and then walked out.

David McGlashan knew the young assistant, and, accosting him, he asked to look at the paper. It was a prescription for a very simple medicine, but underneath were a few faint pen strokes.

"Why, here's a message in shorthand!" David exclaimed. Then he proceeded to read it aloud, "Help! Save me! I am a Scotch girl imprisoned in this zenana, married to Ashutosh Maitra. He has three other wives.—Jeanie Macpherson."

David quickly explained the situation to his friend.

"It was lucky Maitra happened to be down at our boat and that we were able to spot him. Now how are we going to get the girl out?"

"It will be a risky business," replied the assistant.

"I has thocht o' a plan," said Sandy. "Write an answer tellin' her to ask for a piano. Jeanie is a graund player. Pit in the name o' the principal firm o' piano dealers. We wull gang alang to them an' get them to pit the piano i' a big box, an' when it is unpacked i' her hoose she maun be ready to get inside the box an' shut the lid, an' she wull be carried oot wi' oot onybody kennin' except those wha' are i' the plot."

"Yes," said David McGlashan, "there is a chance in that. I know the heads of the piano firm and I can vouch for their willingness to lend a hand."

"They wull no be losers. We wull see to that. Pit my name at the bottom," added Sandy with a choke in his voice.

David scribbled the answer in shorthand on a piece of paper which he wrapped round the cork on the bottle."

"We will take no risks," he said, "and she is sure to search everywhere for a reply."

Jeanie Macpherson, in the secret of her room, did discover it, and her heart

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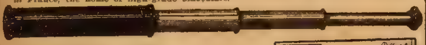

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leaped as she read Sandy's name. "He has found me! Then I am saved."

When her husband came to see her she begged earnestly for a piano, and he was rather pleased at the thought, for none of his other wives played. She readily got him to promise to call at the firm whose name had been mentioned in the note, and to give an order

The piano arrived and was unpacked. Jeanie, who was not allowed to enter the room while the coolies were doing their work, had given orders that the box was not to be taken away until the next morning at 10 o'clock, by which time she would have had ample opportunity of testing the instrument and saying whether she was satisfied with it or not.

Ten o'clock was a quiet hour in the zenana. The master of the house had gone out. Jeanie, entering her sitting-room alone, and following the instructions which she had received, opened the lid and got inside the box. Little air-holes had been provided, and then she fastened the lid above her so that it could not be opened. She had no time to wait, for Sandy was outside on the street, and he saw to it that the coolies went in promptly at the hour arranged. They were in charge of a headman who was in the secret, and he explained the weight to his men by stating that a smaller piano was being returned inside.

With their rythmical movement, and sing-song, the coolies crossed the court-yard bearing their burden. Never was music sweeter in Sandy's ear than that weird drône.

A motor lorrie was waiting, and on this the box was placed, and Sandy jumped up beside it.

"Are ye a' richt, Jeanie, lass?" he whispered thru the holes.

"Oh, Sandy, how I have prayed for you!" was the answer.

The driver wasted no time, the lorrie with its living burden sped along the streets and drew up at David's private apartments. Here the box was carried upstairs, and when the coolies had retired Sandy opened the lid and helped Jeanie out.

"What—what—can I ever give you for what you have done, Sandy?"

"Yersel', Jeanie. It turns oot that as there are ither wives yer marriage is no' legal i' Britain. Ye were taken awa' under false pretenses, an' the law sets ye free. We hae consulted it. But we maun get ye oot o' India wi' oot a moment's delay. Thar's a steamer leavin' for Rangoon i' twa hoors, an' frae there we get a boat for England."

Later in the day Jeanie sat on the deck of the steamer with Sandy McClure by her side and watched the domes and chimneys of Calcutta dip below the horizon.

"I made an awful mistake, Sandy," she said, "and I wonder how you can forgive me."

"Because I mad' the bigger mistak'," he answered in feeling tones. "I yielded to yer faither's wull when I oucht only to hae obeyed the dictates o' love."

"And I think Ashutosh Maitra made the biggest mistake of all," she added with a laugh, "in thinking he could carry off a Scotch girl who had such a lover."

T and S

(Continued From Page 11.)

store. I want to see him and get some papers he has of mine. Some legal papers," she added hastily as it occurred to her that the old man might think it was former love letters to be secured from a recreant lover, now a bridegroom.

"He was to meet me at the station this morning, and give me the papers, but he didn't do it."

"Married!" gasped old Ginger, gazing at her blankly. Was it possible that this piece of news had escaped him? "You don't mean it! Yes, I remember now! I seen that critter yesterday evenin', walkin' around the square with some strange cowboy. I guess they was fixin' up for the weddin' then. Sure, I'll go with you, Miss Gertie. Come along."

THERE was a few minutes' delay at the restaurant while Gonzales went upstairs to announce their coming. This gave Gertrude a chance to gain control of herself.

She had hoped, even after the Mexican waitress had confirmed what Tobias had said, that maybe there was some mistake. However, genial old Gonzales had remarked as a matter of course that T and S and Dolores had really married

"And," he grinned, "I think all day what to call that gal. Do I say Senora T and S, or do I say Senora Trinity and Sabine? Or what do I say? It is a strange name!"

"It is a strange name," answered Gertrude vaguely, and then she thought bitterly how often she had day-dreamed and puzzled over this very thing, the odd name that Rising Star had given her adopted son, without thought of the complications it might cause in after years.

"Gonzales, go an' tell 'em not to waste time in sprucin' up," urged Ginger "We ain't regular visitors to wish 'em joy an' so on. All we want is a paper T and S is got for Miss Gertie here."

"But the bridegroom he is sick. Oh! Much sick!" apologized Gonzales. "Dolores, she was up with the dawn, down here fixing medicine, some sort of tea for him. Oh! here is the boy at last! They are to come up? Yes?" And the fat old Mexican stood aside for them to mount the narrow stairs.

Gertrude turned giddy and sick as old Ginger knocked on the door at the head of the stairs. But her pride came to her rescue. Would she let a drunken cowboy, a man without a name, save that which a town had given him, see that she loved him?

"Come in," said a female voice, and they entered the small room.

Dolores stood somewhat back from the bed upon which lay T and S. There was fear in her dark eyes, and she was agitated and nervous. What had these gringoes to do with her, and the man who had been forced on her in marriage?

T and S, with a dull red flush upon his face and a grayish pallor about his mouth, lay staring at them with eyes that did not see. He spoke no word; apparently did not know they were there. He appeared as if he was in a dream, a hideous nightmare, from which he had not awakened. There was no movement, no sound. Only a staring, a gaze that went past them and beyond them, and which did not see.

"Hello, T and S!" said Ginger. "Let me congratulate you, son! I didn't know you was gettin' married, else I'd have been there to kiss the bride. . . . Sorry you are sick, but one feller can't have all the good luck. Here's a lady to see you."

Ginger had carefully thought out that speech. He was proud of it. But it fell on stony ears. Dolores stood, looking auspiciously at Gertrude. T and S, never varying his stare, smiled a weak vacuous smile and mumbled some unintelligible reply.

"He ain't fit," said Ginger in a loud tone aside to Gertrude. Then to Dolores, "Ma'am, your husband here has got a paper in his pocket belongin' to this here lady. Do you care if I look in his pocket for it? You know me, an' you know I ain't after nothin' wrong. An' I've know'd your husband since he was a baby."

"You may look," said Dolores faintly, "but there is no paper."

She knew now the reason for what she had seen thru the window of the county clerk's office the night before, just before she had knocked and had been admitted—Tobias fumbling in the pockets of the half-unconscious man and holding up a blue envelope triumphantly.

"No paper! How come there ain't no paper? He was to meet this here young lady at the depot this mornin' with a paper, a instrument of writin'," explained Ginger, using the only legal term he knew.

Dolores shook her head and repeated dully, "There is no paper. Look and see for yourself."

Ginger needed no second invitation. He thoroly searched T and S's clothing, even his revolver scabbard.

"There ain't no paper, sure enough!" he said turning to Gertrude, who all this time had stood looking down at T and S

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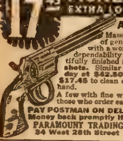

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"There ain't no paper sure enough," he repeated, having received no reply

"Why ain't there a paper?" he asked suddenly, turning to Dolores.

"Because—" began the girl, surprised by the suddenness of the question. "There is no paper," she corrected herself quickly. "I know nothing myself. And my husband, you can see, he is very sick"

"Drunk you mean," sneered Ginger, 'Drunk as a biled owl!"

"No!" she flashed out at him angrily. "No! He is not drunk! See for yourself. There is nothing of whisky or mescal about him. He is sick! Sick unto death!"

"Come, Uncle Ginger," said Gertrude from the door. "There is nothing else to be done. Let us go."

"And you, lady," asked Dolores coming forward, some of her fear gone now that she found them going. "What are you to him, to my husband? A friend perhaps, or a relative?"

Gertrude looked at her coldly. Inwardly she was at a white heat of anger. She was angry at herself, at Tobias, at fate, at all the world. Angry, because she knew now it was not her property, not her oil rights that she had sought. These had only been excuses.

It was the man lying there on the bed, asleep, sodden with whisky.

It was he she had been seeking all the time.

And when she had found him for her heart had really found him only that morning, she had found him only to lose him

To lose him to this woman, this Mexican waitress: almost a woman of the street. Married in a drunken frenzy as so many cowboys were wont to do, after a period of sobriety and usefulness. She was foolish to have thought him different from the rest

All this she thought of, as the two women looked at eash other Then she answered Dolores' question.

"I? I am nothing to him—now. Merely that I know him and had a business matter to discuss with him. That's all."

"Miss Gertie," said old Ginger, after they had reached the street, and were walking back towards the hotel, "there is something dead up the creek back there in that room, as sure as you are born'

"That boy ain't right. An' he ain't drunk. I can swear that."

"Don't you think he is drunk, Uncle Ginger? Then why—why did he marry that—that woman?'

"I don't know what's the matter with him. I ain't no doctor, but I don't believe T and S knows anything about gettin' married, or anything else. He acts to me like he's been doped by a cyclone or somethin'."

Then because she felt she must, Gertrude told Ginger all about her trouble with Tobias: the loss of her hand bag, what she told T and S, his offer to help, then his telegram—all that she knew. She knew nothing of how T and S had secured her mortgage release. She had only his brief telegram, and on her arrival she had found T and S drunk and married, and her mortgage release again missing

"Well the durned old skunk!" exclaimed Ginger. "I'll bet old Tobias Weatherly had something to do with this business, too! I never saw him at the depot that early in the mornin' before. An' he was grinnin' like a sick bobcat while he was talkin' to you.

"But you go on back to Ft. Worth, honey, an' leave all this to me. I'll watch things an' let you know. If that there boy don't get straight right away, I'll get old Dr. Sapp down there. An' when he gets so he can talk I'll find out all about your papers.

"You do just as I say. You go on back to Ft. Worth, an' keep still, an' I'll see what can be done. Anyhow, if Tobias had anything to do with this last loss of your papers he won't push that foreclosure on your ranch right now. He's too foxy for that.

"I'm some foxy myself, an' as soon as I can get T and S to talk, I'll find out all about this thing an' let you know"

So Gertrude returned to Ft. Worth on the noon train.

This story will be concluded in its third installment, coming next week. The final part is a lengthy one and many surprising things happen before all is told. Some of the incidents described in the concluding chapters are positively thrilling. Love, heroism, villainy and tragedy are all depicted in a most graphic manner by the gifted author. Don't miss the finish of the story—next week.

* * *

He Was No Fool.

A MAN was looking over the fence of a house when the owner came out

'Say boss," said the man who was looking, "why don't you hire me to pick up these bottles and cans?"

"For how much?" was asked.

"Seven dollars," was the reply.

"I am no fool to give you seven dollars," was stated.

"Oh, you ain't, eh?" said the man as he let go of the fence. "I didn't know but what you were. No fool, eh? Well, then, I will go on and try the man next door."

And he went.

The Great Detective

(Continued From Page 2.)

pots were stored, and the one window where, for many years, wisps of straw and cobwebs had been old Mabry's only view. He closed his eyes and sighed deeply. It is possible that he even slept for a moment while his eyes were thus closed, but when he opened his eyes he moved backward on his stool a few inches and opened the drawer of his desk. From the rubbish there he took the revolver that had rested in the drawer for many years. He felt carefully for the location of his heart and fired. As he fell the stool fell also. Elias Higginbotham, the manager of the retail, heard the shot and the noise of the falling body and stool and came hurrying to the office window. He was a tall, lanky man and shuffled his feet when he walked as if he wore carpet slippers. He had a thin, long face and small side whiskers. He had to stoop a little to look into the office window, and he saw old Mabry lying on the floor, the blood beginning to stain the floor. There was no other person in the store at the moment. Higginbotham bent lower and stared, craning his neck like some lanky bird. Then he turned and shuffled to the front door and met Thomas Brant as he entered

"Old Mabry's killed himself," he said. 'Just now I heard the shot and went and looked."

He was trembling like a leaf.

"The devil you say! In the office? I've been afraid he would," said Brant. "Come on."

But Higginbotham could not follow Brant He was able to enter the store and then his knees gave way and he dropped into a chair there. His face turned as white as death and cold perspiration oozed out upon his forehead. He shook as if with a chill. Twice he tried to arise, but could not manage it. The third time, however, by holding to the back of the chair, he got to his feet and staggered to the street. With one hand against a lamp post he stood and was deathly sick.

Brant, his rather cruel face drawn into a frown of annoyance, hurried to the office and bent over old Mabry. The man was dead. Brant turned to the telephone—then a new invention—and gave the two long, two short and one long rings that connected him with Dr. Blossom, the coroner.

"There's been a suicide in my office—Thomas Brant's office—and I want you to come right down," he said. "Old Mabry's killed himself: shot himself Come as soon as you can."

He replaced the receiver and looked down at the dead Mabry. Then he looked at Mabry's desk and saw the torn envelope. He picked it up and drew out the Carter report, and looked in the envelope for the money the report called for. It was not there, of course. He drew his bunch of keys from his pocket and went to the safe, opened the great iron door and then the cash drawer. There was nothing like five hundred dollars in the safe. He looked down at Mabry again

Brant went to the telephone again. He gave one long and one short ring. "This the First National?" he asked. "Is Beckerman there? That you, Beckerman? I've got the job for you now, Beckerman; at the salary we talked about—sixty dollars a month. You can begin now—as soon as your bank closes today. Yes, bookkeeper. Mabry's dead. He killed himself. If you can manage to come as soon as the bank closes and look over the books tonight and tomorrow I'll like it. I'm afraid there's a defalcation. No, I don't know how much. Thank you."

Brant placed the receiver on its hook, still frowning, and he was frowning when he heard a voice he knew well—his wife's voice. She had entered the store and was speaking to Higginbotham, who was making unintelligible replies, apparently, for she came hurrying toward the office. Brant stepped over Mabry's body and from the office into the store, closing the office door just as his wife reached it.

"No, don't go in there," he said harshly. She had put out her hand to open the door, for she liked better to say what she had to say in the office.

"Why not? What's the matter? What's wrong with Higginbotham? What's wrong, Thomas?"

"Mabry," her husband answered. "He's

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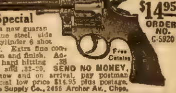

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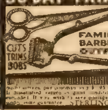

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killed himself. Shot himself. He's in there. I think he's short in his cash—five hundred at least; I don't know how much more. Why didn't you come home to dinner?"

"Mabry? Dead? Killed himself?"

She put out her hand and touched Brant's arm.

"I said so, didn't I?" Brant asked harshly. "Why didn't you come home for dinner? I waited——"

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "What does that matter, when he's dead in there? Think of his poor wife—his children. Oh, I'm so sorry! He was always so-so——"

"So what?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I'm saying. I mean he was a gentleman—always a gentleman. I always felt so sorry for him. Nine children!"

"I waited half an hour for you to come to dinner," said Brant. "Why didn't you telephone? If you had telephoned, or had come home in time for dinner, I might have been here."

"Oh, don't, Thomas!" she cried. "You sound as if I was to blame. As if——"

"Well, you ought to get home for dinner. Where were you?"

"Shopping. Just shopping."

"Well, this time maybe your eternal shopping killed a man," said Brant. "Aren't there enough hours to shop without shopping all noon?"

"Oh, please!" she begged. "It was a man from Chicago—the fur-coat man. He was showing his samples at Dorman's and was leaving on the 1 o'clock."

"I told you never to buy anything of that Dorman. I told you I had told him I'd never pay him a cent for anything you bought there. If——"

What his threat might have been will not be known, for the coroner came then, with Carter, who had reached the store at the same moment.

There was little for the coroner to do. Carter, a fat man, with a traveling man's sang froid, leaned against the office windowsill while the coroner did what he had to do, and Brant told the little he knew.

The coroner would attend to the rest—the removal of the body to Murphy's morgue and so on—he said, and went away. Brant turned to Carter.

"The money you had in your collection envelope is gone," he said. "You put it in, didn't you?"

"Me? Put it in? Sure! I gave it to Mabry before dinner."

"Sealed? No. What should I seal it for?"

Brant handled the torn envelope.

"I'm going," Mrs. Brant said from outside. "I'm going up to see—Mrs. Mabry. Has any one told her?"

"No," said Brant, and added, "you be home for supper."

His wife did not answer.

"You're not hard up, Carter?" Brant asked. "You're not short of cash—pressed for money?"

"Me? No. Why should I be?" asked Carter, reddening. "You don't mean——"

"The money's gone," said Brant. "I can't prove you put it in the envelope. You can't, either, can you?"

"He killed himself didn't he?" asked Carter. "What did he do that for?"

"How did he expect to get away with it? All right, he didn't expect to, if he killed himself. But how— I suppose he came in here and ripped open the envelope and sent the money to his wife. I suppose that was it. She'll have to give it back. You're sure you put it in the——"

"That's enough of that," said Carter, angrily. "I told you I put that money in the envelope, and that's enough!"

He was going to say more but was interrupted. Hurriedly and perspiring, another man entered the office—a young man—the assistant bookkeeper and bill clerk, Billy Branscome. He stopped and gazed at Mabry's body with horror.

"And you?" demanded Brant. "How about you? What do you know about the money Carter left in the envelope? Anything?"

He looked at his watch. Branscome was not late. The rule was that Brant and old Mabry left the office half an hour apart, Brant first, then old Mabry, and then Billy Branscome half an hour later, when Brant was due to return. Branscome was frightened now.

"Is—is it gone?" he stammered.

"Yes, gone," said Brant. "And I want to know where it has gone. I don't let five hundred dollars go that easy. What do you know about it?"

"Why—why, if he killed himself, didn't he take it?" the boy asked.

"What do you know about it? That's what I asked you," said Brant.

"Why I—it was there when I went to dinner," said Branscome. "I saw Mr. Mabry put it there. The envelope, I mean. Not the money. I didn't know how much money there was. Mr. Carter said 'Here's my report,' and gave the envelope to Mr. Mabry, and went out. And Mr Mabry put it in the ledger and closed the ledger on it, and set the lock of the safe and went to dinner. That's all I know. And when it was time for me to go to dinner I went. I told Mr Higginbotham I was going. That's all I know."

"You might have took it, then?" Brant asked. "You were alone here?"

"You've no right to say——"

"I've a right to say what I please," said Brant. "And I've a right to think what I please."

He went to the safe and looked into the cash drawer again and to the desk and ran thru the pages of the ledger. Then he went out. Branscome looked down at the dead Mabry.

"It's awful, isn't it?" he said. "Are—are they going to leave him here? Like this?"

"Murphy's coming for him," said Carter.

"I guess I'll go out in the other room, then," said Branscome.

"Here, too," said Carter, and they left the dead Mabry in possession of the office where he had spent so many long years earning so few miserable dollars. It was a pity he could not be entombed there, as men were entombed at Pompeii—a miserable man dead in the place where his life had yielded him nothing but misery.

What with Mrs Brant going directly from the shop to the Mabry home, there was no question that Mrs. Mabry should hear of the death of old Mabry soon enough. Mrs. Brant broke the sad news gently enough, but it was not surprising that Mrs. Mabry should topple to the floor in a faint, with four startled children weeping and clinging to their mother's skirts.

Mary, the eldest daughter, helped Mrs Brant lift Mrs. Mabry to a couch—it sagged to the floor in the middle when they placed her on its threadbare upholstery—and went for the ammonia. It was the first time Mrs. Brant had ever been in the house and she noticed that it was all threadbare and miserable. Mrs. Mabry, gasping from the sharp ammonia fumes, opened her eyes and sat up.

"I've been afraid of this," she said, so wearily and sadly. "He did get so discouraged. I should have cheered him up more, but I got so tired and discouraged, too. I don't know what is ever going to become of us now. It was hard enough before. I—he was so——"

She put her hand over her eyes and began to cry, her lower face quite unlovely as the grief distorted it. Mary tried to comfort her, saying: "here, mother! We'll get along. I can go to work somewhere. And Henry's old enough——" but Mrs. Mabry was now weeping harder.

Mrs. Brant arose. She had said nothing of the missing money, and she said nothing of it now.

"If I can be of any help——" she said and went out.

Except for Murphy, the undertaker, young Branscome was the first to come to the house, except a few kindly neighbors. Branscome came that same evening after supper, as he had come many times before, for he was in love with Mary. "Cradle robber," some of his friends had called him for trying to persuade Mary to marry him as soon as she graduated. How near cradle robbing it had threatened to be was testified by the readiness with which Mary now wept her sorrow on young Branscome's shoulder on the little side porch behind the morning glory vines.

"And I'm going to quit him—quit

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Brant," Branscome declared. "I don't stand for his kind of talk. He dared suggest I took that money——"

"What money?" Mary asked quickly, and, as he did not answer, being angry that he had mentioned the missing money in his thoughtlessness, she added: "Is there money missing, Billy? Did father take any money? Did he?"

"No. Nobody took any. I don't know. I didn't take it. I don't know who took it."

Mary drew away from him gently.

"Then father did take money?" she said, rather than asked. She held his hand a moment longer and then let her own glide from it. "I must go in now," she said gently. "I don't think you'd better come any more, Billy. I think not. Not if—not if father did anything like that."

She would not see him again. The funeral was held Monday and on Tuesday the Mabrys disappeared from the town, all except Mary. She ended her school year and was given her diploma and excused from the graduation exercises in the Opera House. Then she, too, disappeared.

There was no great mystery in the disappearance of the family. There was but one place to which the family could go, and that was to Mrs. Mabry's father's farm, some thirty miles back in the State. Twice young Branscome went there, but Mary had gone to take a position elsewhere. She had asked her mother not to tell where, and Mrs. Mabry did not tell. Once only a lawyer hunted up Mrs. Mabry, asking about the five hundred dollars. "If she got it she won't say so," he told Brant, "and you can't make her. Just forget it and raise the price of pie dishes a couple of notches and make another five hundred—that's my advice."

So thus the whole matter rested, in a manner comfortable for all but the Mabrys, who, naturally, did not count for much, for they were the family of a suicide and a defaulter, as was understood in the town, and as was understood by themselves. Even Mary had no doubt that old Mabry had taken the money. She put young Branscome out of her mind as thoroly as she could—which meant she tucked him away in the dearest corner of her heart—and went about her harsh work of doing her best to provide food and poor raiment and cheap shelter for her mother and brothers and sisters. She did this bravely, but without holding her head high. The daughter of a suicide thief does not hold her head high.

So time passed. Thomas Brant made more money. Elias Higginbotham, shuffling back and forth, was suspected of stealing kerosene from the store because he carried an oil can back and forth now and then, and was spied upon and found to be carrying whisky from a saloon to his bedroom, and was discharged by Brant. Sam Carter flew in a rage over a question regarding his expense account and went to a rival wholesale house. Billy Branscome left Brant as he had threatened and went to the bank, taking Beckerman's job there in time. In the town where he had lived and died, old Mabry was quite forgotten, it seemed, and his theft and death were forgotten, and his family forgotten, except when they were remembered as a family that had fled because of the disgrace of the father. If Higginbotham, or Carter, or Billy Branscome, or any other, had taken the five hundred and fifteen dollars from the heavy ledger that day it seemed likely the fact would never be known. It was the duty of no man to pry into the mystery. Indeed, there was no mystery apparent; there was no one, except the single person who had taken the money, that did not believe old Mabry was the thief. His own family believed this.

There was, however, during the ten long years that dragged between the day Mary Mabry heard of her father's death and the day when she reached her twenty-sixth year, a great detective at work on the mystery—the greatest detective and solver of mysteries—old Father Time.

With his inexorable finger, Time pushed the hands of the clock of the world forward by imperceptible degrees and a day was gone, and still another day, and at length a year, and still his finger moved and could not be stopped. Slender Mary Mabry grew plumper, and Thomas Brant became, before he expected it, "old" Thomas Brant, and Mrs. Mabry faded and died, and Billy Branscome became a grave-faced man and cashier of the bank, and little Matty Mabry—of whom we have not even heard a word thus far—entered high school and graduated therefrom and entered the training school for nurses of the Riverbank Hospital and graduated there and was a registered nurse.

On all the men and women and children of the whole world, Father Time did his work, and Mrs. Brant did not escape. She had been 50 when old Mabry killed himself, and a handsome 50, a stylish, vividily living 50. Then, moment by moment, and day by day, and year by year, Father Time, the great solver of mysteries, worked on the Mabry mystery. With a tool as fine as the finest hair, he began carving wrinkles on the face of Mrs. Brant; with a brush as delicate as the scale from a butterfly's wing, he began painting one hair and then another hair of her head white. From his vast laboratory he too infinitesimal chemicals and stiffened her joints and roughed her skin and hardened her veins and arteries and poisoned her blood and dulled her heart until she was an old woman of 60. For one whole year he watched and watered a pain in her side until, one night, she screamed aloud because of it and was hurried to the hospital.

"Mary," she said faintly the third day after the operation.

"I'm Matty," her nurse said soothingly.

"Yes; it's all the same when I'm dying—Mary or Matty or any one. It's in the bottom of the trunk; the big trunk in the far corner of the attic. They'll find it when I'm dead, so I may as well tell. Thomas will know. I stole it."

"Please! You are not yourself. If you could go to sleep——"

"It's a fur coat, the one I bought at Dorman's when the man from Chicago was showing his samples. I chose it and ran back to the store to ask Thomas for money, but he was gone. No one was there but Higginbotham, and I asked him for money. He went to the office with me, and Carter came back then. So Carter opened the envelope. Will Branscome will understand; he knows what I mean. And when I went back to tell Thomas about it old Mabry was dead I was afraid to tell; we were all afraid. That's why I hid the coat and never wore it. But they will find it when I am dead. Thomas will know; he's keen. Tell Will Branscome. Tell every one your father did not steal."

"Yes, yes! But try to rest now."

"Yes, I can rest now."

She closed her eyes and sighed deeply. Presently she opened them again.

"You promised," she said. "You will tell them?"

"I will. I promise, Mrs. Brant."

"I'm happy," said the sick woman. "You don't know how happy I am now. It has been a load on my mind for years. And always growing heavier as time passed—as time passed."

Matty Mabry walked softly to the door as the sick woman closed her eyes. She bent over the telephone in the hall.

"Have Dr. Hetherton come to room forty at once, please," she said. "Mrs. Brant is dying. And will you telephone Mr. Brant?"

She hesitated a moment.

"And will you get the First National and ask William Branscome to come to the hospital in an hour, please? Thank you!"

The nurse went back to her patient and Father Time, the master detective, moved his slow finger onward, solving other mysteries, righting other wrongs.

THE END.

* * *

Changed.

"If the human body is renewed every seven years, I can't be the same woman that you married."

"I've been suspecting that for some time."

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Noveel Acrostic.

218—All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a character famous in history.

Cross-words: 1. A state of profound insensibility. 2. A metal. 3. Obscure. 4. A kind of fuel. 5. A college officer. 6. A company of musicians. 7. To detest. 8. A bird, usually black. 9. A narrow way. 10. Playthings.

Dress Materials.

219—1. Suggesting the motion of ocean waves.

2. Should be popular with deep-sea fishermen.
3. Suggests a bird.
4. Suggested a woolly sheep.
5. Recalls a river in Scotland.
6. Reminds one of a wonderful discovery of modern times.
7. Is the name of a ruler in the Indies.
8. Suggesting the Turks.
9. The name of hills in Scotland.
10. The retreat of a hunted animal.

Hidden Generals.

220—In each line find the name of a general. The letters spelling it are consecutive.

1. On a pole on the barn the old flag is in sight.
2. How grand in the breeze it is swelling tonight.
3. This is her mansion four stories high.
4. Give her a glance as you're passing by.
5. Where is the usher? I dangle too long.
6. Stay, lorn maiden, friends you're among.
7. Without dog or donkey where would you be.
8. The dog ran to his master under the tree.
9. How well the fire burns! I declare it is fine.
10. 'Tis better than cockney can do in that line.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

215—Rhyming Rebus.

Muskmelon.

216—Hidden Birds.

1. Eagle. 2. Pelican. 3. Linnet. 4 Thrush. 5. Wren. 6. Lark.

217—Five-word Square.

P E R I L
I R A T E
T I T L E
S L E E P
S P I T S

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzle. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

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* * *

Let Us Have Peace.

By Douglas Malloch.

This is not peace, tho war may cease,
This is not peace War ends, and then
Men must grow kind, and wounds must bind,
Together tie the world again.
This is not peace, to cease to kill,
Yet hating still.

Peace now must stand her scales in hand,
Enforce her will as well as war.
The right shall say what wrong shall pay,
Not sit debating o'er and o'er
The things decided to decide
For which man died.

The thing is done. A cause is won,
A cause is lost. Now fix the guilt
And pay the debt and let us get
A reunited world rebuilt.
'Tis not enough that war shall cease:
Let us have peace.

* * *

How Did She Know?

THE lights were turned low in the cozy library. She sat in the big armchair, her heart a-flutter and her brain in a whirl.

Bozo was to visit her that night. And he would take her in his arms. Perhaps they would be married——

The bell——

Bozo entered, his hair slicked back and his bow tie on an elastic band. He advanced toward the table and removed three cigars from his vest pocket. Then he turned with outstretched arms.

"Stop," she sobbed. "You have loved before."

* * *

Warning Him.

"LOOK yur!" demanded a resident of the Clapboard Springs region. "Hain't you the young cuss that has been narrating around that he'll shore die if my oldest girl won't marry him?"

"Ye-yes, sir!" replied the lovelorn one.

"Well, I just 'lowed I'd let you know that you will, and no mistake, if you come fooling around my place and more. She says she won't have you, and I figger on shooting you myself if I ketch you there."

* * *

A Difference.

"My goodness! And is that what you report to the income tax man?"

"Heck, no. That's actually my income!"

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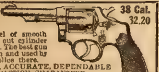

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The Lewis Gland Treatment is absolutely original in every particular and nothing like it has ever before been known in medical science.

If you have tried many other forms of medical treatment without relief and have despaired of finding anything helpful, then you are the very one above all others to whom we will most gladly send one of our Demonstration Treatments.

The Lewis Method will positively Rebuild and Replace worn and wasted gland tissue. It will increase vitality both physical and mental. It will renew strength, especially as to the functioning of the glands. It will increase your endurance and render you less liable to fatigue. It will improve your general health, and in most cases cause a marked improvement in your appearance. Your appetite will increase and you will almost surely gain in weight if you are at present in a "run-down" condition.

It is especially recommended to men for Prostatic troubles, Liver, Kidney and Bladder disorders and Rheumatism, both muscular and joint.

The instructions and suggestions that accompany the Demonstration Treatment will tell you about the Lewis Treatment in much greater detail than is possible in a general announcement.

All our correspondence and all packages sent by us come to you in plain, sealed containers.

FREE TREATMENT

COUPON

Lewis Laboratories,
Lewis Bldg., Corner Market and Washington Sts.
Dept. 236H, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me at once one of your Demonstration Treatments.

My age is..............
I wish the treatment for

Male............

Female.........
(Mark a cross before the one you wish).
(I enclose 10 cts., for postage and packing)

Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....

A Lesson In Values

VIVIAN wasn't the only one that possessed such gorgeous desires. But she was distinctive in that she stuck to them. Vivian wanted a young giant with tender eyes and a strong chin, a scarlet roadster, a drawing-room with pearl chandeliers, a great deal of money and a heart of gold; in short, a perfect young gladiator with advantages and a steadfast religion.

She told Colin about her ambitions. Colin was 20 and lived across the street from Vivian. He had played with her all his life; for fifteen years in fun, for three in dead seriousness. He had played dolls with her, carried her books and made love to her; had followed her around with his dark gray eyes adoring and a stray lock of black hair always tumbling upon his forehead. He listened attentively to Vivian's recital and then he got "mad"—not angry. Twenty-year-olds in love get "mad."

He stood with one foot on the threshold of the door, his cap in his hand, the stray look in his eyes, and glowered.

"All right, I hope you find him the very pink of perfection. But he won't be any good. A guy with all that and as good looking as you've disgustingly put him just can't be true blue. In acquiring the richness and cultivating his beauty he loses all sense of real value and turns sad. You'll find that out."

And Colin was gone.

"Don't be stupid," Vivian called after him, but he didn't hear

A week later Vivian met the shining knight of her dreams. He came straight from New York to see about buying Steve Wainwright's country home. Steve introduced him to Vivian, who looked her prettiest in dull blue. She gave him a shy smile, dropped her lashes, turned her yellow head towards the nearest window and caught sight of a shining car

Gaylord Marchmount liked the shy smile and the dark blue eyes, the softness of the blond hair and the tiny, childish figure.

"Will you ride with me?"

Vivian blushed and rode.

There were many rides. Gaylord was staying on a week or so to straighten things out with Steve Wainwright. He called for Vivian every evening and on the fourth, as Vivian stepped into the car, she looked over and caught Colin peeking out at them. Her eyes shone and her heart sang. "I've found him, Colin. I have found him."

Colin debated whether it would be more sensational to lick Gaylord before a crowd or in private, and let the news leak out afterwards. He decided on the crowd and then went to call on Daisy, whom he hated

Out in the country with the car spinning along a moonlight illumined road, Vivian lived in a dream.

Gaylord Marchmount removed one hand from the wheel and placed it over Vivian's two white ones.

"Life turns me a crooked deal, little one. Just because I have a name and position that some one covets and because that some one has the money that I covet. I must marry her—Glenna Landford. Ever hear of her? We nearly despise each other, I think, but what must be, must be. I'd be happy as a clam to have you—I wonder if you know I'm going tomorrow and that I think you're the sweetest playmate in the world"

Vivian closed her eyes and relaxed a little and came out of her dream. She wanted to grab his arm and tell him, tearfully, that she didn't know he was only playing a game and that she didn't want to be playmate.

But Vivian was a wise little girl and had just found it out

"May dear Gay—how silly. Life isn't to blame. It's tradition and a loss of the ability to realize true values Don't blame the poor old world. (Oh, if Colin could hear.) But I won't preach We've both been just playing. Let it go at that."

Vivian surprised herself

They drew up to the door an hour later and Gaylord Marchmount looked at Vivian quizzically

"Tell me, little playmate, what is it in life you really like."

"Me? Like? Why—I guess sunsets and rainbows, violin music—and, why, just living."

"That's just like you. Do you want to know what Glenna Landford likes—in life? It's amusing."

"I think I know, Gay. She likes long slender drawing-rooms with pearl chandeliers, scarlet roadsters, lap dogs, bonbons and men like you."

"Men like me, Vivian? Are you being nice—or not?"

"Not! Men that let an army of ancestors with musty ideas and family traditions push them into a marriage that they hate—men that don't know themselves or what they want, how to get it or how to think straight. Why, you aren't even square enough to play your own game straight. You have a little fun on the side, a bit of amusement with some little light-headed country girl you call 'Playmate' for conscience's sake. That's what she likes and what she's getting. Good night, Mr. Marchmount."

After she had gone, Gaylord Marchmount huddled down into his seat, turned up his coat collar and shivered

"Forty below, and the mercury still dropping. So this is Alaska"'

The next night Colin came over

"He's gone, is he?"

"Yes."

"If you think I'm going to get down on my knees and murmur that I've been waiting for you, I'm not I'm going to start all over again. We've been playmates too long. We start as strangers I'll win you, but I'll do it in my own way, and I'll make you say, 'My dear Colin, you're wonderful,' instead of 'Don't be stupid, Colin.'" So be prepared for a stormy and tempestuous wooing. "I'm out for victory. Laugh that off! Good night."

Vivian sank down into a chair and laughed and cried at intervals

"So that's to be my punishment. It's rather too bad for Colin—but I'm going to love it."

THE END

* * *

EDITORIAL WAS A BIRD

CONDE NAST, the well-known publisher, told at a supper at the Ritz-Carlton in New York a story about Horace Greeley

"Horace Greeley's handwriting was so bad," said Mr. Nast, "that once when his pet canary waded in some printer's ink and then walked over a half-dozen sheets of copy paper on his desk, the foreman of the composing-room gathered the sheets together and carried them off, thinking them to be an editorial by the old man.

"Well, they were handed to the one compositor who could read Horace Greeley's handwriting, and the work of setting up the editorial progressed in its usual slow but steady way for about an hour. Then at the bottom of the fourth page the compositor got stumped. There was a word there that floored him He racked his brains, but finally he had to take the page to Horace Greeley.

"'That word there,' he said—'I can't make it out.'

"The old man studied the undecipherable word for a minute or two with knit brows. Then he handed back the page disgustedly.

"'Any fool,' he growled, 'could make out that word. It's "unconstitutional".'"

BROUGHT UP ON A FARM

One of the best known men in the United States by reason of his authorship of the Common Sense Medical Adviser was Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose picture appears above. Being ambitious he taught school to earn money for his medical education. He was successful in his profession, in politics and socially because of his keen observation and his unusual ability to use his knowledge to good ends. He noted early in his medical career that many of the home remedies of that time crudely prepared from roots, barks and herbs often produced astonishingly satisfactory results. His patient investigations and many analyses of native medicinal plants, extending over a number of years, enabled him to prepare Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which has been used by thousands of sick folks during the last half century with ever increasing appreciation of its virtues. It is purely vegetable and contains no habit forming drugs. It is alterative in its action on the blood, liver and skin; tonic in its effects on the stomach and digestive apparatus; and eliminative in its operation on the intestines and other organs regulating the disposal of body waste It increases the appetite, stimulates the digestion, enriches the blood, clears the skin of eruptions and blemishes, banishes aches and pains, and makes both men and women feel as they did when they were young and care free.

Ask your nearest druggist for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in tablet or liquid form, or send 10 cents for trial package of tablets to Dr Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Dept. "T," in Buffalo, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISE! WE WANT ONE IN EVERY HOME

Thousands of 1000-Mile Radio Sets Complete Outfit—Ready to Operate FREE!

This Is Not a Contest—No Competition With Others. It Is Free!

This splendid guaranteed 1500-mile Radio receiving set is complete—has head phones, batteries, tube, wire for aerial—everything—no extras to buy, just put up and operate.

NOT ONE PENNY NEEDED.

Mail the coupon below for full details as to how you may obtain this Radio set absolutely free of charge. No obligation.

RADIO DEPT., W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

NO OBLIGATION—IT'S FREE!

W. D. Boyce Company, Radio Dept. R. B. 3,
500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

Without obligating me, please send me full details of your Grand Offer of a 1500-mile complete Radio set absolutely free. I understand this set will not cost me one penny.

Name.................... Local Address....................
Town.................... State....................

A Radio Rival

LETTY BROWN hurried up the two flights of stairs to her pretty third-floor apartment, tumbled her numerous packages on the hall-seat while she nervously fumbled for her key, and opened the door. It was just striking 6, and George would soon be home—that is, if something relative to the hateful old radio didn't detain him.

It was perfectly disgusting — every member of the bridge club this afternoon had voiced the same sentiment, and had had so much to say that the meeting had been longer than usual. What had gotten into the men, anyway? Every wife nowadays was experiencing the same thing; shameless neglect and utter indifference from former devoted husbands.

It was nothing but "Sh! Sh!" all evening long, if one dared to speak, and one might as well be a missionary in China for all the companionship one derived from a husband who sat all evening — and far into the morning hours—with ear-muffs clamped to his head.

To be sure, George did get another set of ear-phones, but just as soon as she "sat in" he would start experimenting to get a loud spot, and all she could ever hear was a stutter. And now he was buying a tube-set—wasting more money; and nearly every evening he was late for dinner because he had had to shop for various needed parts.

Gathering up her bundles, she entered the cosy living-room, and switched on the light. A white paper, conspicuously placed on the desk near the hated radio-set, caught her eye, and she sat down before the desk to read:

"Dear Letty: I came home this afternoon for the new set, but you had gone to the club. Will be a little late, as Jim Walton is going to test out my set for me. Yours for Cuba and London
"GEORGE."

A sigh, half of relief at the added moments she would have for preparing dinner, and half of disgust at this further proof of her husband's complete absorption in radio, rose to her lips, but was quickly suppressed, and her heart skipped a beat, for, at the opposite side of the room, beneath the folds of the portieres, a pair of muddy shoes were plainly visible, and the bulk of a thick-set man was but poorly concealed in the silken folds where the intruder had hastily sought refuge.

For a moment a sickening dizziness possessed Letty, and she wanted to scream frantically, but she knew the Densmores in the flat were away, and it was doubtful if the Robinsons on the first floor would hear her, as Mrs. Robinson was rather deaf, and the children were probably noisily chattering over their evening meal by now.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her and she quickly and calmly removed her hat. The radio! She would test it now, and see if it would prove useful for once, instead of the nuisance she had always supposed it to be. With fingers that scarcely trembled, tho she plainly saw a dark eye furtively watching her from the folds of the portieres, she calmly adjusted the head-set and made a pretense of tuning-in on the crystal.

She sat tense for nearly five minutes, mustering her courage, then in a voice surprisingly calm she said:

"If I were you, I'd come out from behind that portiere, Mr. Burglar. I've got a revolver leveled, but I don't want to use it unless I have to. I've just been listening in on the police reports from Marda, the Unseen Voice, and they've sent your description broadcast. If you do as I say, I'll help you to escape; if not, I'll shoot. Now, take your choice!"

With right arm leveled, she rose from her chair, the ear-phones which she had forgotten, dragging from her head and falling with a clatter that almost unnerved her completely. Simultaneously, a rough-looking man of middle age stepped from his hiding place with arms upraised.

"Yes," continued Letty, nonchalantly, "it's you, all right. 'Short, thick-set, middle-aged man, black hair and eyes, scar on left cheek. Wanted for several recent breaks. Also wanted in New York City.'"

"Aw, can it, lady! I ain't done nothin'. This is me first attempt. They can't pin nothin' on me."

"Well, now, if you do as I say, I'll help you—not because I think you deserve it, but because I dislike the notoriety of being brought into court to testify against you. In the hall closet to your left is a hat and veil, skirt and coat, left by my former maid. If you put them on, you can probably pass unobserved from here to your own quarters, wherever they are. I think the clothes will fit you. No! Keep your hands up, please. I've still got you covered. Forward, march!"

He shuffled to the hall, opened the door and entered the closet.

"The light is in the middle of the ceiling," directed Letty. "Pull the chain and light it. As he groped above his head for the ever-elusive light-chain, which in this case did not exist at all. Letty slammed the door, quickly turned the key in the lock, and her burglar was a prisoner in the long, narrow closet.

Calmly she phoned to police headquarters, then, on the arrival of the officers, she collapsed. Her husband, returning just as they were hustling their prisoner out of the apartment, found her white and trembling. The prisoner was indeed a notorious character, with a prison record and several aliases, and has been long sought by the police.

"My darling girl, how did you ever think of such a clever scheme to trap him?" her husband cried in amazement when he had heard the story.

"Well, I just thought I'd see if radio couldn't be useful for once," Letty answered.

"But where did you get the revolver?" asked her husband.

"It wasn't a revolver," giggled Letty hysterically. "It was the big screwdriver. You left it on the desk after tinkering with that old set last night. And George, dear, I don't mind if you do spend hours with the new set, so long as you stay home with me!"

* * *

The Benighted Village.

COMPTROLLER CRAIG was condemning, at a banquet in New York, a certain party plank or policy.

"Benighted," he wound up. "As benighted as the ancient English village of Chester-le-Street.

"Motoring one hot August day in the Chester-le-Street neighborhood, I halted at the King's Arms for lunch. The chop they served me there was cold, but the pitcher of water was quite warm enough. So I asked for ice.

"Ice, sir?" The pretty maid-servant looked at me in a puzzled way and blushed. "Yes, sir."

"She withdrew to the barroom, and I heard her say to her mistress:

"Ice in August! Tell him he's off his chump. How can we have ice except in winter?"

* * *

The Conscientious Dog.

A PEASANT had great trouble with the foxes catching his chickens. He, therefore, went to a neighbor and said:

"I must get a dog to watch my hen coop or my chickens will soon be gone. Can you sell me such an animal?"

"Say, neighbor, I will sell you the best dog in the State," was the reply. "He knows all about foxes and he will not let the foxes take one single chicken while he is on guard."

The dog was purchased and taken home, and was given to understand that he was to act guardian. For three nights nothing happened, and on the fourth one the Peasant went out to find that all his chickens had been bitten to death. He immediately went to the man of whom he had bought the dog and called him a horse thief and a lot of other bad names.

"I understand just how it was," said the man. "I told you that the dog would keep the foxes away from your chickens, but the dog, hearing that the wolves had gathered to make a raid, and knowing that he had not the strength to oppose them, he killed the chickens himself rather than have them fall into the hands of such enemies."

Moral: Be conscientious but do not carry it too far. To be too honest is almost dishonesty.

* * *

Sister Hands Him One.

"This cold air chills me to the bone."
"Put on your hat."

NEW M
13th FIRST Q
WED
THUR
FRI
SAT
1924
31 DAYS
21st FULL M
29th LAST Q

Give Me 15 Minutes a Day and I'll Grow New Hair for You In a Month — Or No Cost!

I have grown new hair for hundreds of others in 30 days. If I can't do the same for you —I don't want to keep a cent of your money. Let me send you—absolutely free—the evidence of what my new method has done for others. Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

I REALIZE that I'm making an exceptional offer. I realize that probably no one ever dared to make such an offer before. But I mean every word I say. Give me 15 minutes a day for one month. And no matter how thin your hair may now be—my treatment will give you a new growth of hair in 30 days—or the test won't cost you a cent.

Sounds too good to be true—doesn't it? But I have already grown new hair for hundreds of others—many of whom had long ago despaired of regaining their hair. And if I can't do the same for you—just tell me so. There will be no red-tape or bother. Without asking a single question I'll instantly and gladly mail you a check refunding every cent you have paid me. That's my absolute GUARANTEE. I don't want your money unless—after 15 minutes of your time each day for a month—I grow new hair on your head.

Entirely New Method

Up to now many people believed that when hair fell out and ordinary measures failed to grow new hair that the roots were always dead. But from close observations made while treating hundreds of cases of thin, scanty falling hair—I found that in a very great many instances the hair roots were **not dead**—but merely **dormant**. The question is how in the world can hair-tonics and so called "restorers" ever grow hair when they do not even **approach** the cause of falling hair—dormant hair roots.

You would never think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves of a dying plant and expect the plant to grow. Instead you would get right down to the roots and nourish them. It is exactly the same with the hair.

My treatment is the result of long years of experience spent at Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo, Geneva and other centers of scientific research. And I believe that—for the first time in the history of dermatology—my method provides a means of penetrating **directly** to starving hair roots and supplying them with nourishment to make them grow new hair.

Results Guaranteed —Or No Cost

Already at the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, which I founded, prominent stage and social celebrities have paid as high as $500 for the results secured by personal treatments. Yet now through my new home treatment these very same results may be obtained right in your own home, **and for just a few cents a day!** The treatment may be taken in any home in which there is electricity. Hundreds of men and women who only recently were suffering from loss of hair have through this method acquired hair that is the envy and admiration of many of their friends. And as for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, they usually disappear after the first few treatments. Remember, I do not ask you to risk one penny. You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE that if after using my treatment for 15 minutes each day for a month you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I won't keep a cent of your money.

WHAT USERS SAY

Scores of Other Letters Tell the Same Story

Hair Growth After 3 Weeks.

"Your treatment so far is nothing short of being wonderful. New growth started after three weeks' treatment. Dandruff entirely gone. Scalp is loose, healthy and am on the way to a new head of hair. My fears of baldness are gone forever. You may use my name and testimonial."—A. McK., Lakeview, N. J.

Hair About Gone.

"I have now used your treatment 2 months and although I nearly lost my hair entirely and have been bald for 8 years, I was much surprised to see the improvement it has made for me in this short time. I think ten times the price of what I paid for it would not be any too much for it."—N. R. B., Glen Cove, N. Y.

Results Very Gratifying.

"I have used your Thermocap Treatment for 8 weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for 6 years, the results up to the present are very gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. A. C., Kenmore, O.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how much hair you have lost, this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent to you by return mail.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name ....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address..

City.............................State..........

TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

DEAR MISS PARSONS: I am a newcomer to your corner. I am very much in love with a young man about my age. Altho I believe he cares for me, he is too attentive to other girls. I would like to know whether I should be patient with him and continue to care for him or drop him. A. D. D.

Perhaps this young man is not ready to tie himself to one girl. He may care a great deal for you, but at the same time want to go about with others. This is often the case when one is young. You do not state your ages, but I have an idea that this is the reason for his being attentive to other girls as well as to you. Do not ask him to discontinue his friendship with them, but go on as before. I am sure that he means no harm. I am glad that you have decided to join the corner and we all welcome you heartily.

* * *

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl 17 years old and love a certain boy and I am sure that he loves me—he has asked me to become his wife. I have promised to marry him, but my mother is opposed and I don't know why. He is away and I have written and told him that I cannot marry him just yet, but he does not want to wait. Do you think if he loves me that he will wait until my mother gives her consent?

BROWN EYES.

Do not marry this young man until you are sure that he is the one you love and the one who will care for you and make you a good husband. If he loves you as he should to marry you, he will wait for you until your mother gives her consent. Your mother, no doubt, feels that you are too young to undertake the responsibilities of one who is married.

* * *

My Dear Friend: I am a girl of 18 years and have a step-mother. I am in love with a boy of 20 but my parents do not want me to go with him. I can't love another boy and I am not able to quit loving him. Would like to have your advice.

MIELE.

Do not feel that your parents oppose this boy merely because you love him. They surely have some reason for not wanting you to go about with him. Have you asked them their reasons for feeling this way? If what they believe about him is not true try to convince them of their wrong thinking by showing them and proving to them that he is a good and upright boy who is worthy of your love. If they have some reasons for you to give him up for your own good, perhaps you had better forget him. It may be hard, but it might be better in the end.

* * *

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a girl of 18 years and have been going with a boy for three years. He seems to think more of liquor than he does for me. Please tell me how I can break him of this habit. He tells me that he thinks more of me than he does of any other girl. He is easily made angry. There is another girl who is trying to beat my time. She doesn't care for him, but just wants to keep me from going with him. I would like very much to have your advice.

LONESOME.

If this young man really loves you it would be easy to break him of his drinking habit. Do not see him for a while and let him know that the reason for this is that he is so fond of intoxicating liquor. Be stern with him and do not give in to him if he should want to see you. He may like to show off by drinking like some other boys I have heard of, and I believe that you can change his way if you but try. Do not worry if some other girl is merely "trying to beat your time." When this boy finds this out he will only become disgusted and avoid her.

* * *

Dear Peggy: I am a woman of 30 years and have been going with a man of 35 for the past four years. He is quite well off and has a well-paying position in a town sixteen miles from here. I love this man very much and he has asked me to become his wife, but my mother hates to have me leave her and go away so far to live. She is old and my father is dead; however, an uncle and aunt are living here with her and she has sufficient income to take care of her. Do you think I should leave her, or do you think it is my duty to stay. MISS GEE.

It seems to me that you have a wonderful outlook for a happy married life, if I have understood your entire letter correctly. Sixteen miles isn't such a great distance for one to travel to see their mother, and perhaps if you use this argument your mother will see things in a different light. She has possibly become so accustomed to your being with her that she feels that she cannot give you up, but it does seem a little selfish for a mother to want her daughter to give up the chances of a lifetime happiness. You say that she is well taken care of and that she has some one living with her. I should think that with these things in your favor you would be able to convince your mother that her views on this matter are somewhat unreasonable. Are you sure she hasn't some other reasons for not wanting you to marry this man?

* * *

Dear Miss Parsons: I am 18 years old and five feet three inches tall. What should I weigh? Will constipation cause one's skin to be blotchy and pimply at times? BROWNIE.

At your age you should weigh 119 pounds. Yes, constipation will cause one's skin to appear blotchy. Exercise and plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables will help this. Drink at least six glasses of water daily and take long walks and you will see a change in a short time.

* * *

Dear Miss Parsons: I have been going with a boy for two years and I think quite a lot of him. I am 17 and he is 18. I know he respects me because he will never do anything that would offend me. The other night for the first time he tried to kiss me and I didn't let him and I left him and ran into the house. I thought he would apologize but he didn't. He said he wasn't sorry for acting that way because he loved me. He then kissed me. Should I have let him do this? I don't want to lose his respect for me. I do not take him seriously when he says he loves me. How can I make the boys like me? May I come again?

IN DOUBT.

There are a number of young boys who think that because they have kept company with a girl for quite a while, they have the right to do as they please. A girl who permits herself to be kissed by boys not only cheapens herself but gives the boys plenty of opportunitty to be talked about. If you do not take this boy seriously when he says he loves you, I can't see why you made an attempt to see him before he apologized for his actions. As a rule young boys will lose what respect they have for girls who allow kissing and hugging as they chose. Be sweet and natural and do not force yourself upon the boys and I believe that they will like you. Boys do not like to have girls run after them, and it merely disgusts them. Come again, Brownie.

* * *

My Dear Miss Parsons: I want your advice about going to school. I have one more year to go to high school before being graduated. I want to quit school and go to work as my other friends are doing. My parents want me to finish school. I do not have to support myself, but I get so lonesome for my friends.

BROWN EYES.

Finish your schooling, by all means. There are any number of young girls who would give anything to have this opportunity, but instead they have to quit and go to work. The last year will seem short and you will not regret getting as much education as possible. You can make arrangements to see your friends often enough to avoid lonesomeness. If you were working your hours would be longer than if you were in school.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a young girl 14 years old and have no mother to give me advice. My sister is 20 and isn't married and does not even go with the boys. She doesn't think that I should go with them, but I think she is jealous. What do you think? FOURTEEN.

I think that your sister is right about your not going with the boys. You are very young now to be thinking of the boys and should be occupying your mind with other things. Your sister probably realizes that she must be as much of a mother as she can to you and is trying to help you and is not jealous.

Dear Miss Parsons: I have sunburn hair and brown eyes. Could you tell me some pretty colors that would become me? REDDY.

Black and white are two colors for you to wear and rich, deep, dark brown would be lovely, however, avoid the browns with tan and yellow. Blue-gray is pretty on women of your type as well as those new shades of green which are so striking. Avoid reds, but shell-pink and flesh tints would be very becoming.

Dear Peggy: I want your advice. Is it right for a young girl to let a boy kiss her? I'm 17 years old. I don't want to let every man kiss me, but is there any harm in letting just the one I go with kiss me? I have gone with him for seven months.

BLUE EYES.

It is not right for a young girl to let the boys kiss her. You are too young to take the boys seriously and should go about with young people of your age and have a good time together and forget about kissing and hugging. It cheapens a girl to let the boys kiss her and too, there is always a chance of boys bragging about who lets them do these things.

HOW THIS WOMAN GOT STRENGTH

Put Up 300 Quarts Fruit, 500 Glasses Jelly and Took Care of Four Children

Norwalk, Iowa.—"I have been meaning for some time to write and tell you how much good your medicine has done me. When I started to take it I was almost bed fast and would have been in bed all the time if I had had any one to care for my children. There was so much swelling and pain that I could hardly take a step. I took seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and found that so healing. I am not entirely well yet for I was in bad shape when I started your medicine, but I am so much better that I am not afraid to recommend it, and I think if I keep on taking it, it will cure me. I have done my work all alone this summer, caring for four children, and I canned 300 quarts of fruit and made 500 glasses of jelly, so you see I must be better. I feel pretty good all the time and I am glad to tell others about the medicine."—Mrs. C. J. WENNERMARK, Box 141, Norwalk, Iowa.

Women can depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve them from female troubles. For sale by druggists everywhere.

BEAR CAT REVOLVER $11.25 REG. VAL. $25.00
6 Shot
SAFETY
Regular Hand Ejector Model with Swing Cylinder. Blue Steel 32-32.20 or 38 cal. your choice, either cal. at $11.25

Controlled by thumb
1924 MODEL
LOCK
COWBOY REVOLVER $14.25 32 cal. 6 shot
FAMOUS HAND EJECTOR REGULAR VALUE $27.00
with Popular Swing Cylinder, controlled by the thumb - Positively the Best Revolver made regardless of name, make or price -- Nickle or Blue Finish -- 32.20 or 38 cal. COWBOY $15.25

25 Cal. 6-shot Pocket Auto $6.25
32 Cal. 20-shot (with Extra Magazine FREE) 9.45
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32 or 38 Cal. Break Open Revolver . . 7.45

Brand New Guns—Use Standard Ammunition. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
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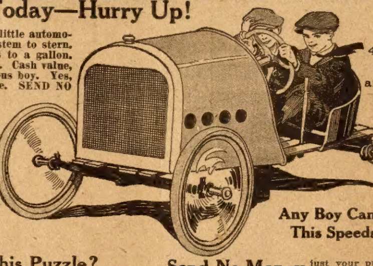

Here You Are, Boys! Famous Speedster *FREE*

Send Your Name Today—Hurry Up!

This famous Speedster is a regular little automobile, an honest-to-goodness car from stem to stern. Run 4 to 25 miles an hour, 60 miles to a gallon. Carries two passengers. Easy to drive. Cash value, $170.00, but it is free to some ambitious boy. Yes, FREE! Positively and absolutely free. SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address and find out how easily someone can get this wonderful Speedster free.

2½ Horse Power
Wire Wheels-Racer Model
Sturdy, Fast, Safe and Dependable

A REAL AUTOMOBILE FOR BOYS

Runs 4 to 25 Miles an Hour

Any Boy Can Drive This Speedster

Can You Solve This Puzzle?

Make out the words spelled by the numbers below and win 1,000 Speedster Votes. The letters of the alphabet are numbered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, and so on. Each number represents a letter. Take a minute or two and solve the puzzle. It's fun. 1,000 Speedster Votes for your correct answer to the puzzle.

| 7 | 9 | 22 | 5 | 14 | 6 | 18 | 5 | 5 |

Just think of driving a car of your very own. Fun won't be any name for it. Pride and pleasure to the limit. A glorious summer of joy ahead of you if you will only act quickly—at once—this very minute. Send your puzzle answer right now. Don't put it off. The Speedster is Free and you might as well start to win today.

JACK ROSE, Auto Man, Dept. 7, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send No Money just your puzzle answer with your name and address. This will bring you the story of the free Speedster and 1,000 Speedster votes. Everything is free of cost so hurry the coupon to me.

JACK ROSE, Auto Man, Dept. 7.
500 No. Dearborn St., Chicago
I want to win the Speedster. My answer to the puzzle is:

. . . .

Name . . . .

Post Office . . . . State . . . .

R. F. D., St. or Box . . . .

They's No Place Like Home

(Continued From Page 6.)

roof so it won't leak and let the rain in on us again inside the shack and I have to walk 4 Mi. to get the nails, boards and ect., to do it with and it costs me $8.49.

On Wed. I'm beginning to feel some better about the vacation and then d—m if Razzmena don't do a Brody right thru the private landin' which is made from rotten boards and me and the ball and chain has a wild time gettin' her out from all the mud and muck round there. The kid grabs a swell cold from gettin' all wet and has to go to bed.

And right on the top of all this bad luck, Elmer hollers at us from the woods in back of the shack and says he's busted his ankle and he can't walk, so we has to go and get him. When we gets inside the joint he says he was climbin' a tree and the limb broke off with him on it. I tell you, Gus, everything up here's made from rotten lumber all right.

Thurs. I wakes up in the A. M. and my right eye is closed up tighter than a pawnbroker's heart, where a muskeeto sat down on it sometime inn the night. Some of these stinger birds up here are bigger'n buzzards and they stays on the job bitin' you all night long so's you can't sleep right at all.

Yesterday I was doin' a Ike Walton from the bank of the lake steady for 5 hrs. and I don't snag one single bite. Guess the fishes is wise to this Sunshine Villa dump and keeps away from here which is more sense than I got anyways.

I gets a message from a feller on a bicycle that A. M. which says I got to go back to the office as one of the clerks is sick, so my vacation is about shot to pieces, which ain't nothin' for me to get mad about neither. We is all set to pull out from here tomorrow, all of which puts me $25 in the hole for next wks. rent.

They ain't a house within 1 Mi. from us and no one has come to see us at all, Gus, so if you ever want some real solitude (as they call it in books) just hike up here. You'll get so much of it you'll go nutty from talkin' to yourself. We got to ride down with the grocery egg to the other side from the lake from which we can hop a rattler to Sapdale—and wait till I see that real estate yap! He's the guy which said this Lake Homoyaps is Indian lingo for Happy Days. I ain't forgot that either. And also I finds out the lake's name means just exactly what it sounds like when you gargle it out loud.

The missis ain't spoke to me since Razzmena did the flip flop off the landin' into the lake and both the kids is coughing terrible from this unhealthy place and Elmer's got a sore ankle he can't hardly stand on, so I guess I'm gonna be glad to hit the home fires again and stick round there for a while, too. No more villas for mine, Gus. Your Cousin,

JOE TWIG (disgusted).

P. S. I ought to burn this dump down before we leaves here so's no other boob'll get stung the way I been!

SAPDALE, Mass., July 11, 1923.

Hello, Gus—

Well, we is home most a wk. now and the bad effects from the lake is wearin' off a little. Our trip to home was a beaut. It rains all the way in the grocery feller's cart and he only brings one umbrella for the whole of us and the nag he's got must of been born the same yr. Columbus found this country, because he sure looks like he's on his last legs.

Helen speaks to me now and the kids is most cured from the colds which they brought back with 'em from the lake, and Elmer's ankle is about O. K.

And now I got to show you the bill for expenses for that vacation mess we got into. It'll knock your eye out all right. I got it all figured up and here's what she looks like. Oh, boy!

Auto Blue Book	$ 3.49
Ford stolen	300.00
Rent for dump	50.00
Fixin' roof	8.49
Ride to depot	8.00
Cost of grub at lake	23.00
Dr.'s bill for kids	21.00
Little extras	5.00
Grand total	$418.98

Some total, eh, Gus, for a 1-wk. vacation? I takes these figures into Boston to the real estate guy's place and I'm all set to give him a good slice off my mind but I find he's moved away to New York City and nobody knows what his address is so I gets stung again on my revenge. Maybe it's just as good I didn't see him because I might of done somethin' I'd be sorry for afterwards.

Helen says the next time we go on a vacation we'll all stay home where we can have a decent one and not have to pay all the world for it. I puts the $418.98 down to profit and gain and calls it experience, but it makes me pretty sore every time I think of how I let myself get trimmed so easy. I got to sell the Victrola now to get another 2nd handed flivver because Helen says we got to have a car on account of what the neighbors'll say if we don't.

Believe me, Gus, the next time any bozo suggest to me anything about a fresh water cottage in the summer, he better start to run or else to look for a soft place to fall, that's what I say!

Well, I'll say so long now because I got to slide early to the office in the A. M. and me and Helen hopes you and Kity is all ready to go to the Mts. as you says in your last letter to us.

Your Cousin,

JOE TWIG (home lover).

P. S.—A letter from you is just got here this minute and I see you and Kitty is goin' to stay home instead of to go up in the Mts. I always says Kitty's got a lot of good business brains. If Helen was like her I would of staid home myself and saved a lot of money. I didn't like the idea of goin' to no lake anyways, but as the old adage says, "They;s no use to bawl after the milk is tipped out!"

THE END.

"LOST VIGOR RESTORED IN 24 HOURS"

"Glands Awakened in One Day" is the Amazing Statement of a 76 Year Old Veteran

Lost vigor, deadened glands and nerves, and that weak worn out, depressed and half alive feeling, need not be dreaded any longer since the discovery of a well known chemist. Now it is possible for those who feel "prematurely old" to become "rejuvenated" and regain the "vital force of youth" often in a day's time with Mando Formula, is the amazing statement of one who has taken the treatment. This famous new discovery is bringing "renewed youth" and "strength" to thousands where everything else had failed.

"I want to say that my 'lost vigor' was restored and 'glands renewed' in twenty-four hours," says D. B. Peake of Kansas City, Mo. "Today I am 76, but I don't feel a day over 40. Before I started taking the treatment I felt I was an old 'worn out' man, but now I am enjoying a remarkable 'gland restoration' and am convinced my 'rejuvenation' is complete and permanent. May God's blessing rest on the discoverer of such a boon to humanity."

This wonderful formula prepared by one of the largest laboratories in the world and generally known as Mando, is easily used at home and seems to work like magic in its rapidity on people of all ages and sexes.

No matter how bad your condition, no matter what your age or occupation, no matter what you have tried, if you are lacking in "vigor" and the "vital force of youth," we are so confident Mando Formula will restore you, that we offer to send a large $3.50 bottle for only $1.95 on 10 days free trial. If the results are not satisfactory, and you are not more than pleased in every way, it costs you nothing.

Send No Money—just your name and address to F. L. Carlin, 612 Baltimore Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of ten days you are not showing "wonderful improvement" and "rejuvenation," just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed so write today and give this "remarkable formula" a trial.

Free To Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
388 B Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

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The Hand Of Fate

By Mendel M. Solomon

FORRESTER was strangely silent as the gray walls of the prison faded in the distance. Despite the chattering of his companions he took no part in the conversation. Every effort to engage him failed. Questions were answered with a vague motion of his head as he sat with his eyes glued on the road ahead.

It was rather unusual that the jovial Forrester should be thus and Dawson, Westerfield and Skiffington were surprised at the sudden change. The four had just paid a visit to the State penitentiary at Dawson's invitation, the latter being a friend of McWhorter, the warden. It was largely thru Dawson's influence and support that McWhorter had secured the position and he was doing everything possible to show his appreciation.

As they entered Skiffington's apartment Westerfield and Dawson took possession of the billiard table. The former seated himself nearby to watch the game.

Forrester, his chin cupped in his hands, sat before the fire, watching the leaping flames. His eyes were drawn to a line as he looked steadily at the blaze.

Suddenly Skiffington laughed loudly as Dawson missed an easy shot. Rising, he saw Forrester still seated before the fire.

"I say, old man," he said, as he crossed the room, "what's on your mind? You haven't spoken a word since we came here."

Forrester straightened up slowly and heaved a sigh. He did not speak.

"Come on, Bob." Skiffington placed a hand on the other's shoulder. "What's the matter? You aren't a bit like yourself tonight. You've been in a strange mood since we left the prison. Anything wrong?"

Forrester turned and spoke in a low tone.

"Fifteen years," he mused as tho talking to himself. "Lord, how time flies. Seems like it was only yesterday."

"What was it?" persisted Skiffington. At the look on the other's face he added quickly, "That is if you feel like telling. I couldn't help asking. I've never seen you like this before."

"Oh, I don't mind telling it," returned Forrester, a faint smile playing about his lips. "Our visit to the prison merely recalled an incident that took place years ago. Something that I, as well as others, will never forget. Would you like to hear about it?"

Skiffington nodded. Dawson and Westerfield drew up chairs. Forrester took a long breath and began:

"Years ago in Abinville I knew a young man named Waldon. He was a likeable chap. Clean-cut and honest as the day is long. His mother, a widow in struggling circumstances, managed to send him to college for five years. At the end of that time he returned home and hung out his shingle. His practice, however, was confined to a small town. He realized that eventually he would have to move to a larger place to find more opportunity.

"His ability was recognized soon after his return to Abinville. The old heads soon found out that they had more than met their match in him. Finally when he decided to leave for a larger city the lawyers who had been in Abinville for years were profuse with encouragement.

"To make a long story short he left the old home town for Bellamy, at that time the capital and largest city of the State. As is usually the case, Waldon left the girl behind. Mary Hasting was her name and she promised to wait until he returned for her. Every one knew they were engaged informally. Even in their kid days when they passed thru the hair pulling stage into the teens gossip had it that some day Mary Hasting and Thomas Waldon would marry. Sweethearts as kids, and as the years rolled by they remained unchanged.

"Waldon more than made good in Bellamy. His wonderful personality, coupled with his talented faculties and knowledge of the law speedily won him the name as the most promising young lawyer in the capital. His friends were ready to support him to the limit should he care to enter politics. He declined, desiring to continue as an attorney rather than a public official.

"As time went on he continued to succeed. One day Mary Hasting received a letter that he would return that they might be married. The weddihg was locked forward to with a great deal of interest in both Abinville and Bellamy, as Waldon's friends numbered many in each place."

Forrester stopped to light a cigar. Outside a heavy rain was pouring down tho the listeners were scarcely mindful of what was going on. Flipping the match into the grate Forrester continued:

"A couple of weeks before Waldon was to return to Abinville, Homer Drake, a smooth talking scoundrel, arrived in Bellamy. He opened an office known as headquarters of the People's Investment Company. The project in reality was exchanging good dollars for worthless oil lands somewhere in Mexico.

"Drake was a slick rascal. With fake letters of recommendation, samples of oil and his shrewd method of doing business, he created quite a stir and soon had things going his way. He wasn't satisfied, however, and wanted to operate on a larger scale.

"He saw in Waldon the possibility of increasing his ill-gotten gain many times. After painting a picture of untold wealth, he gained Waldon's consent to accept the position of vice president of the concern. Now Drake knew Waldon's reputation was spotless. Things worked out just as he had planned. It wasn't long after Waldon took a hand that hundreds of shares were sold all over the State and business was in a flourishing condition.

"Finally Richard Horton, mayor of Bellamy, invested several thousand dollars and suggested that a committee be sent to look over the lands owned by the stockholders. That wasn't what Drake was looking for. However, he agreed readily. A few days later a party of five reputable citizens left for an inspection of the fields in Mexico.

"Three days later Drake disappeared, taking with him every dollar in the company's treasury. Shortly after the entire State was in an uproar as the fraudulent scheme was exposed.

"The result was Waldon's arrest for embezzlement. His pleas and explanations were made to a merciless court and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. News of the arrest and conviction had the effect of an earthquake in Abinville. His mother died shortly.

"Five years later the gates of the prison opened and Waldon was a free man again. The term, however, had sapped his vitality. The old-time fire was gone from his eyes and he had aged many times the years spent in confinement. He took the downward path. His shame led him away from Abinville and Bellamy, and finally he disappeared. Efforts were made to locate him, but without avail. It was generally supposed that he was dead.

"He wasn't dead, however, but undergoing a pitiful existence in a far-off city's underworld. Drugs had taken a firm hold and he sank to the level of a common thief.

"One cold winter night, just before Christmas, Waldon slunk into the shadows of a fashionable apartment house. Three minutes later he raised a window on the third floor and stepped into a luxuriously furnished room. Soon he was making a systematic search of the furniture.

"Suddenly he heard footsteps. A moment later a key was fitted in the lock of the door. He stood there, paralyzed with fear, his heart hammering against his ribs. In that brief instant the years gone by swept before his vision like lightning across the sky. Bitter memories of the prison returned—he saw the arm of the law reaching out to draw him back into the life of confinement.

"His brain, tortured by drugs and fear, gave way under the strain. As the man entered the room Waldon fired point blank at him. He fell, mortally wounded. Waldon dashed out of the room, down the steps, into the arms of a policeman who had heard the shot and started to investigate.

"Of course it was only a matter of a trial for Waldon. He admitted the whole affair. Said that he would rather kill than take a chance of going thru the hells of prison again. But he went back—not for a few years, but for life.

"The news eventually reached his old home town, completely shattering every hope entertained by a faithful few who still believed he would stage a come-back some day in spite of everything that had happened."

As Forrester ceased he reached for a match to light his cigar, which had gone

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

out. The others remained seated, silent and thoughtful. Outside the storm continued with unabated fury. Not a sound was heard in the room save the pattering of rain against the window and the occasional rumble of thunder.

Westerfield finally stirred and turned to Forrester.

"The trip to the prison brought all this back?"

Forrester nodded. "Yes. I saw Waldon there. He didn't recognize me. Did you notice the gray-haired man reading the paper? The fellow McWhorter said was a model prisoner? That was Thomas Waldon—the wreck of a man destined to make a brilliant mark had it not been for fate and Homer Drake."

"What became of Mary Hasting?" asked Dawson.

"Still lives in Abinville. Never married."

"That's life," mused Skiffington. "Waldon went to the dogs, while Drake lives in luxury."

"Drake?" repeated Forrester in surprise. "Didn't I tell you? That was where fate took a hand again. It was Drake's room that Waldon entered that night—Drake that received the bullet."

* * *

About 150 species of fish belong to the shark family.

Poor Shot.

"Is there any good shooting around here?" inquired a sportsman from the North.

"Skurcely enough to shake a stick at," replied Tobe Sagg of Sandy Mush. "Three, four fellers have took a shot or two apiece at me in the last month or so for one reason and a-nuther, and missed me by at least a foot or a foot and a half every—p'tu—time."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information—The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—TAILORING SALESMEN. MAKE $60.00 to $125.00 per week—Set your own profit on each sale. We show largest assortment, guaranteed all wool suitings and overcoatings, retailing for $25.00 to $45.00. Our made-to-order clothes are highest quality and lowest in price. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or no sale. This is your opportunity—you can make big money—a hustler can make over $50.00 a day. Write for big sample equipment to be shipped prepaid and please give all information about yourself. Address K. B. Harter, Sales Manager, Box 483, Chicago, Illinois.

SALESMEN — BECOME INDEPENDENT— Own your business; experience unnecessary selling our 7,500 accidental death, $50.00 accident, $25.00 sick weekly benefit, $12.50 yearly, other amounts proportionate. Guaranteed steady income and renewals; $250,000 deposited Insurance Department. Registration Department W, Newark, N. J.

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUtomobile oils, roofing and radio sets to consumers from samples; no capital or experience necessary; steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 53 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Company, Wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Illinois.

AGENTS WANTED

TAILORING AGENTS—NEW PROFIT PLAN. $90 week and permanent income taking orders for men's all-wool suits and overcoats $23.75. Boys' two-pants suits $11.75. No delivery or collecting. You get your profit in cash on the spot. Big sample outfit free—no deposit or waiting—a postal brings it by return mail. John G. Longworth & Sons, Dept. HC-3, Address 1301-11 W. Congress Street, Chicago.

AGENTS, $20 TO $40 WEEKLY SPARE TIME appointing newsdealers, local agents to handle The Saturday Blade and Illustrated Story Weekly. Takes only few minutes to sign one dealer, each locality, for trial order. Clean, dignified proposition, liberal payment. Write, stating territory covered, to Dealer Dept. 40, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

TAILORING AGENTS—FREE BY RETURN mail big complete selling outfit all wool samples made to measure suits and overcoats. Better Line—Bigger Profits. You make $5 to $7 every sale. Get your profits in advance. Write quick for full particulars. Fred Kauffman, Dept. HC-3, 1300 W. Harrison Street, Chicago.

GENERAL DISTRIBUTORS EVERYWHERE earning $50-$75 weekly with "Mago Blueing" the every-week necessity, sells to every home on sight; quick cash sales; steady orders; we start energetic men and women in business; 10c brings 25c package. Gar-Mar Mfg. Co., York, Penna.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn $100 weekly and bonus. Madison Mills, 564 Broadway, New York.

OUR IMITATION DIAMOND STICK PINS have wonderful brilliancy, very good looking and must give satisfaction or your money refunded. Send 25c (coin) for sample pin and agent's prices. Franco, 6423 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS: YOU CAN COIN MONEY SELLing our new Fabric table covers; require no laundering. Size 56x56, prepaid $1.50; 13 piece luncheon set included free. Write for sample and special offer. B. Condon, 77 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

NEW INVENTION BEATS VACUUM SWEEPer and all its attachments. No electricity required. All complete only $2.85. Over 100% profit to agents. Write O. P. Morgan, Mgr., 221 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—BE FIRST IN YOUR TERRITORY to make over 100% selling Moth Down; it makes closets, chests, drawers, etc., moth proof. Sample 15 cents, agents proposition free. Marks Mfg. Co., Washington C. H., Ohio.

BIG MONEY SELLING NEW HOUSEHOLD cleaner. Washes and dries windows. Sweeps, scrubs, mops. Complete outfit less than brooms. Over 100% profit. Harper Brush Works, 103 2nd street, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING new auto invention. Hoffenberg's sold 900 in 2 months. Profit $2760. For full particulars write Stransky Co., Dept. M-11, Pukwana, S. Dak.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.44. 10 orders daily easy. Samples and information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 2, Newark, N. J.

MAKE $17 DAILY — FINEST EXTRACTS, food products, toilet preparations, household necessities. Credit; sample case free. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products, B-7, Hastings, Nebr.

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, ALL kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

DUSTLESS SPONGE CLOTH. NEW INVENtion. (1) Rub—dusts, cleans and polishes automobiles, furniture, pianos. Retails (50c), costs (16c). "Sample free." NuLife (M) Sponge, Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS, EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. 35 Neckwear and Hoisery styles, 120% commission, write for free samples. The S.Q.S. Co., Dept. 1351, Lexington, Kentucky.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

TAILORING AGENTS—DOUBLE YOUR PROfits with one big linemen's and boys' suits. Complete outfit makes selling a cinch. Men's suits and overcoats $31.50. Boys' 2-pants suits $11.95. Your chance for big money. Write quick and get secret memo. book free. Wright & Company, Dept. HC-3, Address Congress & Harrison Streets, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS. NO CAPItal required. Monogramming automobiles, luggage, windows, wagons. Six initials bring $1.50—costs you only (6c). Transferred as easy as applying stamps on envelopes. No license. No experience. "Samples free." NuLife (C) Monogram Works, Hartford, Conn.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, New Jersey.

NEW INVENTION BEATS VACUUM-SWEEPer and all its attachments. No electricity required. All complete only $2.85. Over 100% profit to agents. Write O. P. Morgan, Mgr., 221 Grimes St., Fairfield, Iowa.

THE NATIONAL FIBRE BROOM CO., ST. Louis, Mo., wants a representative in this county to sell the National Patent Fibre House Broom. Write today for selling plans and free sample offer.

WANTED AGENTS TO SELL "TIP-TOP" Hair Dressing and Soaps. Good profits. Sure repeater. Ask for premium list. Dawson Mfg. Co., Enfield, N. C.

AGENTS TAKE ORDERS FOR ATTRACTIVE rugs. Sell rapidly. New plan makes sales easy. Catalog free. Maisley Payne Mfg. Co., 24 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL DUO Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E5, Attica, N. Y.

AGENTS FOR POL-BRITE POLISHING Cream—Big profits—Fast sales. Every home a prospect. Write for proposition. E.C.O. Laboratories, Box 1905, Chicago.

BIG MONEY SELLING FIBRE HOUSE Brooms. Sure fire seller and repeater. Biggest season here. Write BVJ Co., Hillsdale, Mich., Dept. 1.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. Offer wonderful values. We start you. "Wholesale Distributors," Dept. 40, 609 Division street, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN 18 UP. Railway mail clerks—city mail carriers. $117-$192 month. Steady. Information free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M24, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered free.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. $1400 - $2300 yearly. Many openings. Thirty-six page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MEN — EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY; travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS 17 TO 65 willing to accept Government positions, $117-$250, traveling or stationary; write Mr. Ozment, 106, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. George Wagner, former Government detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

BOYS-MEN $35 WEEK. BECOME AUTOmobile experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. M 404, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED, CITIES, TOWNS. Experience unnecessary; particulars free. National Headquarters, 188 East 79th, New York.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, $1600-$2300 year. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2219, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—LADIES TO EMBROIDER LINens for us at home during their leisure moments. Write at once—"Fashion Embroideries," 1503, Lima, Ohio.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing, steady work. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices we pay. Universal Co., Desk 4, Phila., Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEW MEXICO OIL AND GAS LEASES. 40 acres for $10. We offer 5 year leases in Valencia, McKinley, Sandoval Bernalillo, Torrance, Guadalupe, Quay, De Baca, Rio Arribba, Socorro and Chaves Counties, New Mexico, from 25 cents up to $1.00 per acre; perfect titles and low rentals; these are selling fast. Write for maps and particulars. New Mexican Eagle Oil Company, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

REPRESENT US IN YOUR HOME TOWN. A responsible bond house (established 10 years) desires a local representative in each town and city, to sell bonds that are exempt from Federal income taxes. Good opportunity to make from $100 to $1,000 per month. No previous training necessary. References required. Address Box 36, Austin, Texas.

100,000,000,000 GERMAN MARK FREE with 100,000 Polish mark for 60c. 10,000 Austrian kronen 35c. 5,000 mark German coupon bond 75c. Don't send us any money, but write for dealer's terms. Arrow Sales, Dept. BL, 1748 North Park avenue, Chicago.

MEDICAL

PELLAGRA SUFFERERS CAN GET WELL. Thousands of letters from patients have been received, stating that they have regained their health. There is hope for all who write to the American Compounding Co., Box 3159, Jasper, Ala., for their booklet on "Pellagra and How to Treat It." This will be sent you free, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

HERB DOCTOR BOOK FREE. CONTAINS 250 formulas for herb medicine. All diseases. Cooper's Botanical Supply, 1507 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.

INSTRUCTION

USED CORRESPONDENCE COURSES bought and sold. Catalogue free. Students' Exchange, 47 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

BURIED MONEY, GOLD, SILVER AND treasure in metal, wooden, earthen container or loose in ground can accurately be located, if there, with Greene's ground radio machine. This machine has no connection with compass dip needles, divining rods, magnet needles, etc.; but is a scientific apparatus as sure and positive as the telegraph, telephone or X-ray. And is the only machine backed with ironclad guarantee to do as represented. So simple a child can operate. G. O. Maher, P. O. Lock Box 87, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$98.00 ONLY STARTS YOU IN THIS BUSIness. Wonderful opportunities everywhere for making fortunes. Details free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. E, Memphis, Tenn.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

EARN $25 WEEKLY, SPARE TIME, WRITing for newspapers, magazines. Exp. unnec. Details free. Press Syndicate, 990 St. Louis.

SONG WRITERS

GET—FREE COPY OF LATEST SHEET music and booklet, "Success in Songwriting." Something new—big success. Send name today. Suite 412, Paramount Music Co., 117 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

A $500.00 CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR the best second verse written for the song "I'll Be Waiting." Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy with rules by addressing Equitable Music Corporation, 1658 Broadway, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED FOR PUBLICAtion. Manhattan Music Co., 1367 Broadway, Dept. A, New York.

AUTO TIRES

BIG SALE SLIGHTLY USED GUARANTEED tires. 30x3, $2.45; 30x3½, $2.95; 32x3½, $3.45. All 4 inch tires $3.95. All 4½ and 5 inch tires $4.45. We ship C. O. D. No deposit required. Zenith Tire Co., 1800 Fremont, Chicago.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATents should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

DOGS

COON AND COMBINATION TREE HOUNDS 20 days' trial. C. Scott, 8104 Sedalia Ky.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. HAVE YOU AN odd or old coin or bill? It may be worth several dollars. Get posted. Send 4c for Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PICTURES

FREE—LARGE PHOTOGRAPH "YOSEMITE Valley." Postage 10c. Artists Productions, Box 417, Los Angeles, Cal.

PERSONAL

A BABY IN YOUR HOME. THOUSANDS of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed to women without cost. Every woman who wants children should read this book and learn all about Steriltone and its wonderful effect in constitutional weakness. Many things are unfolded that the average woman has never been told before. For free book send name to Dr. H. Will Elders, 215 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.

MARRY, HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LARGEST, best, most reliable club. Quickest results; write, be convinced. Confidential, descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

KNOW THYSELF. WONDERFUL THREE page horoscope. Your talents, character, love, friends, enemies, business. Send birth date year, your handwriting, and 10c. Gargilis, Box 2771-N, Boston, Mass.

LONELY HEARTS, JOIN OUR CLUB, BE happy, correspondence everywhere, many wealthy; descriptions, photos free; either sex; most successful method, 23 years' experience. Standard Corr. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered free.

KING TUT'S 12 MAGIC WORDS. SURE WAY to get anything you want; you'll be dumb with surprise; free. Write P. Greene, Box 82, Station O, New York.

YOUR HOROSCOPE WITH PICTORIAL chart showing character, talents, occupation, life partner, etc. Send 10c, birthdate, St. Germain Society, Dept. 112, Sharpsburg, Pa.

WHY NOT MARRY?—25c BRINGS HUNdreds names, addresses, descriptions, also pictures, lonesome people. Box 3317-H, Boston, Mass.

WIFE GUARANTEED EVERY MAN JOINing my club. Bertha Floyd, Dept. 22, Western Springs, Illinois. Particulars for stamp.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamme Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SWEETHEARTS CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Ladies, gents, write enclosing stamped envelope, for sealed proposal. L. Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA WIDOW WITH GOOD BUSIness income and ranch seeking marriage with suitable companion. Write Adele Church, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

SCANDINAVIAN CORRESPONDENCE — INformation 10c; free to ladies. Peter Hanson, Box 1005, Chicago, Ill.

TATTOOS, MOLES, WARTS, COAL MARKS, removed. Write Lexington Institute, 10 Lexington st., Baltimore, Md.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

GET A SWEETHEART; EXCHANGE LETters. Ladies, gents write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

PRETTY GIRLIE VERY WEALTHY WANTS honest husband. Club, Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

DON'T BE LONESOME. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., Box 820, City Hall Station, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

CATHOLIC CORRESPONDENCE CLUB. Booklet free. Address J. Keena, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHARMING GIRL, WORTH $30,000, DEsires marriage. Mary, Box 242, Garden City, Kansas.

LADIES, WRITE ME. MARRY WEALTH— happiness. (Stamp.) Doris Dawn, South Euclid, Ohio.

MARRY—WEALTHY GIRL CONSIDERED beautiful. Wants congenial husband. Eva, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LUCKY COIN 10c. SECRETS. OCCULT books. Genuine lodestones $1. Catalog 5c. Box 55, Station I, New York.

MARRY—BIG, NEW DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. National Agency, Dept. 3, Kansas City, Mo.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOTEL OWNER, WORTH $60,000, WISHES to marry. U-Box 866, League, Denver, Colo.

WANT A REAL PAL? WRITE NANCY BELL, Box 773, Philadelphia, Penn. (Stamp.)

MARRY MAIDEN—WEALTHY BUT OH SO lonesome. League, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

HOTEL OWNER WORTH $60,000, WISHES marriage. U-Box 866, League, Denver, Colo.

Goitre Sufferers Avoid Danger of The Surgeon's Knife!

Is Operation for Goitre Necessary?

Yes, in SOME cases—in most cases not. So many patients are urged to be operated as the only relief for goitre just as so many are urged to be operated for appendicitis and dozens of other ailments, and yet we all know that thousands of unnecessary operations are performed every year. In fact, a certain state passed or at least endeavored to pass a law compelling the surgeon who operated for appendicitis to bring subsequent proof of a diseased appendix or suffer punishment.

There is a tendency in the medical profession, of recent years, to go to extremes in conditions which they consider necessary for operative work. I could state reasons why this is so, but do not care to do so. But to those who consider an operation for goitre the only cure let me just call their attention to the statement of one of America's most distinguished surgeons (Da Costa); he stated relative to goitre—"TREAT MOST CASES MEDICALLY AND BY REST; IF MEDICAL TREATMENT FAILS, CONSIDER THE ADVISABILITY OF SURGICAL TREATMENT. SURGICAL TREATMENT IS NOT CERTAINLY CURATIVE AND IS DANGEROUS."

Now then, my friends, what do you think of the opinion of one of the world's greatest surgeons? He says TRY MEDICAL TREATMENT FIRST. Then he says if medical treatment fails CONSIDER surgical treatment; he does NOT say try surgical treatment—but CONSIDER surgical treatment, for he considers an operation for goitre DANGEROUS AND NOT A CERTAIN CURE.

There is in my opinion no greater authority in America than this renowned surgeon, and you may safely believe him. Therefore, remember, an operation is dangerous and not always a certain cure.

I have treated many cases after they had been operated on for goitre. In fact, I have now two patients under treatment who underwent the dangers of an operation without getting certain help. I will publish their letters below; read them.

Please bear in mind I do not say that no case of goitre should be operated; many cases where conditions are such as to be an immediate danger to life should be operated.

But where there is no immediate danger to life, by all means, try MEDICINE FIRST.

It surely is honest advice to tell you to try medicine first, before you jump into the dangers of an operation—you owe that much to yourself and to those near you. If medicine should not bring relief then an operation can still be performed.

In all candor and sincerity, I cannot see how my reasoning on this point is assailable. I know that I have saved many patients from an operation, and that alone is sufficient justification for my work.

Another point which I wish to bring out very strongly to your notice: You may have noticed that the majority of doctors tell you goitre cannot be cured by medicine—now why do they say this? Don't you know? Well, I will tell you; because they have too little experience in this condition and immediately try to turn you over to the surgeon. Now I don't mean to say that the doctor who says goitre cannot be cured is not honorable, by no means—he means what he says, but through lack of experience in such cases he goes wrong.

I SAY GOITRE CAN BE RELIEVED BY MEDICINE AND I CAN PROVE IT. Not all cases can be relieved by medicine, but not all cases can be cured by operation, either. So the question is, will you try a harmless medicine in your home to get relief or will you go to a hospital and take chances with your life? I leave it to you—decide.

Try This Original "Home Treatment"

Send at once for my FREE book on Goitre. It tells all about my original "Home Treatment." How I came to originate it and how any sufferer may use it in the privacy of their own home by spending only a few cents a day for the medicine. I am a regular physician, licensed by the State of Wisconsin. I am well known here in Milwaukee. My family has lived here for more than thirty years. We enjoy the friendship, confidence and respect of many of Milwaukee's leading citizens. I have spent the best part of a lifetime in the study and treatment of Goitre and I confidently believe that my original "Home Treatment" for Goitre is the best, surest and quickest acting treatment for this trouble there is. I want every Goitre sufferer to know about it—to give it a trial and thus possibly avoid a dangerous "Surgical Operation." I will mail the book FREE, in plain sealed wrapper to any sufferer who writes me. It tells all about this original "Home Treatment" and how you can use it. It costs you nothing but a postage stamp so send for it at once. I believe you will bless the day you saw this announcement.

From Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

MY DEAR DR. ROCK:—I have waited quite a while before writing to you, but I wanted to be sure of my cure. I can now truthfully say **I am well every way.** A friend of mine gave me your address. I sent for your medicine last summer and began first month's treatment on July 1st, saw that it was helping me so sent for a second month's treatment, then my neck began to get smaller and my nervousness began to leave me. I surely am thankful to you and your medicine.

Very truly yours,
MRS. C. B. CARPENTER,
Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

An Old Patient Sends Me New.

DR. A. A. ROCK:—Dear Sir: I have been referred to you by an old patient of your's who cured her goitre by using your medicine. If you still practice and still have the medicine for goitre I shall be very glad to hear from you.

Yours truly,
MRS. W. REAGAN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Forever Grateful."

DR. ROCK: Dear Sir: I surely intended to write sooner and thank you **for the complete cure of my goitre** in two treatments. I want you to know that I will be forever grateful to you not only for curing my goitre **but for placing the cost of your treatment within the reach of all**

"My Goitre Has Completely Gone."

DR. ROCK:—Dear Sir: I have been taking your treatment three months. I must say my goitre has completely gone. I must give you praise for being so true. I remain as ever,

MRS. ROSA PAYNE,
2113 Jackson St., Houston, Tex.

DR. A. A. ROCK, Greenacres, Wash.,
Milwaukee, Wis. Sept. 13, 1923.

Dear Sir—It has been sixteen years since I've written you, at that time I was a young lady in school. I had a goitre on my neck which I cured with 2 months of your treatment. Now I have a 10-year-old girl of my own that has a goitre. I've noticed it for 2 years but thought that she might outgrow it. I'm waiting for one month's treatment.

My goitre has never returned. I've told hundreds of people of you and know of lots of cases that were cured. We seem to be living in a goitre district.

Richard Gates of Greenacres has just cured a goitre by your treatment. I certainly have always been very thankful that I was fortunate enough to have my goitre cured without a knife and I owe it to you.

Yours very truly, MRS. I. H. SACKS, R. 1.

Lake Geneva, Wis.,
April 30, 1923.

DR. A. A. ROCK,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir—I used your goitre treatment about seven years ago when we lived at Bancroft. **It cured my goitre.**

My sister-in-law has a daughter who has a goitre and I told her about your cure and she wishes you would send her your circulars or literature with price of treatment.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Wm. F. Randall,
R. 2, Box 120.

Don't Miss This One.

DR. A. A. ROCK:—Dear Sir: One of my friends, Mrs. Maple Hunt, has used your treatment for goitre with such fine success that I too wish to try it. My friends all tell me there is no cure for goitre, but I know better now for **Mrs. Hunt's goitre was very bad,** far worse than mine, and it has entirely disappeared since she took your treatment. Please let me hear from you.

MISS FANNIE NORTHERN,
Memphis, Tenn.

DR. A. A. ROCK, Toronto, Kansas.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir—I took treatments over a year for my goitre from 2 doctors and it kept getting worse, **so they told me nothing would cure me but an operation.** Then I saw your ad in a paper and thought I would try it and **after taking 6 months' treatment I was completely cured.** It has been 3½ years since I quit taking the treatment and it has never come back. I advise any one who has a goitre to try your treatment as it is wonderful

MRS. STELLA BENSON, R. R. 4.

Goitre of 10 Years' Standing Removed.

DR. A. A. ROCK:—Dear Sir: Your goitre remedy was just splendid. It cured my goitre in a little over 2 months' treatment; mine was of 10 years' suffering. Doctors advised me to go to the hospital and have it cut out. I would advise no one to have goitre cut out as it's a dangerous chance. I will gladly recommend your remedy to any one suffering with goitre. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly, ROBERT B. EDWARDS,
Draper, N. C.

"Worth Ten Times the Price."

MY DEAR DR. ROCK:—After using your treatment for goitre on my neck; last treatment August, 1921, which completely cured me, I feel no symptoms of it at all, have no pain whatever. **Worth ten times the price it cost.** Best wishes to you for the good you are doing.

MRS. DEBBIE BURKETT,
108 McDaniel St., Kinston, N. C.

"Many Thanks for Treatment."

DR. ROCK:—Dear Sir: Your treatment has cured me so far as I know. My heart don't trouble me and and the lump in my neck is gone. Many thanks for your treatment.

Yours truly, DAN BREW,
411 Sims St., Dickinson, N. D.

DR. A. A. ROCK:—Dear Sir: To my surprise, having been bothered with this goitre for these many years and using a half dozen so-called goitre cures, I at last was cured by your treatment. This goitre was the size of a goose egg and now you can see no sign of it. Dr., you are no fake, like others I have tried. You are a God sent man. Publish this.

MRS. L. A. McDANIEL,
Reno, Va.

"You Cured My Child."

DR. ROCK:—Dear Sir: I am writing you to let you know that you cured my child's neck and that is why I never ordered any more medicine.

Yours truly,
J. B. STALLINGS,
Zebulon, N. C., R. 2.

It Took a Year But Did the Work.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—I am glad to say that almost a year's treatment cured my goitre. I know that you will be glad to hear that my goitre is cured. I am feeling fine and I cannot express to you my happiness, and thank you, and your wonderful remedy for what it did for me. Yours most sincerely,

MISS CELIA HAYDEN,
Streator, Ill.

Reduced 2½ Inches in 2 Weeks!

DR. A. A. ROCK:—Dear Sir: I have taken your medicine for only 2 weeks and wish to tell you that my goitre has gone down two and one-half inches in that short time. That is a wonderful treatment alright, and I gained six and one-half pounds since I have been taking your medicine.

Yours truly, MRS. RUBY NOLAND,
Congress Park, Ill.

"My Goitre Is Gone Entirely."

DR. ROCK:—Dear Sir: I was very much pleased with your treatment. My goitre is entirely gone. I am feeling good and I tell you once more that I was very much pleased with your treatment.

Yours truly, ANNA KOLMER,
Bloomer, Wis.

Before using my treatment.

After using my treatment.

The above two pictures were sent to me by Mrs. H. F. Gormont of St. Marys, Pa. They show you more plainly and more convincingly than all the argument I can bring to bear, that MY TREATMENT DOES RELIEVE GOITRE.

DR. A. A. ROCK,
Department 500, Box 737, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Doctor: Please send me your free book, describing your treatment for Goitre, and telling how I can use it in my own home at a cost of only a few cents a day for medicine. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name ....

Street No. or R. F. D. ....

P. O. .... State ....